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# THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE



VOL IV No 98

Dec. 26, 1883.

CONDUCTED BY A. W. TOURGÉE  
OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW YORK 23 · PARK · ROW

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American Architectural, \$1.50.	5 00	4 00	1 44	Judge (Conte), \$5.00.	9 00	4 10	2 01
American Architect and Building News, \$6.00.	10 00	7 99	2 01	Ladies' Floral Cabinet, \$1.25.	5 85	4 07	1 18
American Queen, \$4.00.	8 00	5 99	2 01	LSE, \$5.00.	9 00	4 07	2 57
Andrew's Bazar, with premium, \$1.00.	5 00	4 05	1 44	Literary News, \$2.00.	5 00	4 07	95
Aquatic Monthly, \$4.00.	8 00	6 14	1 86	Library World, \$2.00.	5 00	4 07	1 27
Army and Navy Magazine, \$1.00.	10 00	8 69	1 31	London's Living Age, \$4.00.	12 00	9 99	2 01
Art Amateur, \$4.00.	8 00	5 94	2 06	Kansas City Times, \$1.50.	5 50	4 04	1 36
Artists' Home Magazine, \$2.00.	6 00	4 45	1 55	Magazine of American History, \$5.00.	9 00	4 10	2 01
Baldwin's Monthly, \$1.50.	5 50	4 25	1 25	Magazine of Art, \$3.50.	5 50	4 04	1 72
Blackwood's Magazine, \$3.00.	7 00	5 69	1 31	Mail, Toronto, \$1.00.	7 50	4 04	95
Blind, Toledo, \$1.00.	5 00	4 04	1 96	Mastery, \$3.00.	9 00	4 09	2 01
Boomerang, \$2.00.	6 00	4 45	1 55	Medical Journal, New York, \$5.00.	9 00	4 09	2 01
Boston Pilot, \$2.50.	8 00	6 99	1 01	Motors Age, \$1.00.	6 50	4 29	1 31
British Quarterly, \$2.50 (American Reprint).	6 00	5 35	1 37	Nation, \$3.00.	7 00	5 35	1 45
Builder and Woodworker, \$1.00.	6 00	4 04	1 96	News, Dentbury, \$2.00.	6 00	4 45	1 52
Building, \$1.00.	5 00	4 04	1 96	North American Review, \$5.00.	9 00	4 09	2 10
Butcher's Delicacies, \$1.50.	5 50	4 40	1 01	Observer, New York, \$3.50.	7 50	4 04	95
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Congressionalist, \$3.00.	6 00	4 04	1 96	Pioneer Press, \$1.50.	5 50	4 01	1 11
Contributor, \$1.50.	5 50	4 10	1 41	Plymouth Pulpit, \$2.00.	6 00	4 09	2 01
Counter Journal, Louisville, \$1.50.	5 50	4 40	1 01	Popular Science Monthly, \$5.00.	9 00	4 09	2 10
Cultivator and Country Gentleman, \$2.50.	6 00	4 35	1 77	Puck, Boston, \$1.50.	5 50	4 04	95
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Inter-Ocean, Semi-Weekly, \$2.50.	6 00	5 35	1 37	Zion's Herald, \$2.50.	6 50	4 77	1 73
Inter-Ocean, Weekly, \$1.00.	5 00	4 04	95				

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# THE CONTINENT

Vol. IV. No. 25.

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Whole No. 98.



## A STUDY OF THE SPHINX.

BY NATHAN ROUNS.

*One night at Ghizeh when the setting sun  
Prested on the desert's sun face like a kiss,  
We talked of Hope, and Faith, and Destiny,  
And Agony, on Egipt's sands, ended thus:*

At Ombos, by the sacred Nile's stream,  
I laid my charged hand on a mummy's skull,  
And thro' the dry bones poured the mighty Od  
(The last high word of nineteenth-century  
Science and Force) that waited on the will  
Of one that had rebelled 'gainst God and Man,  
And fled into the Desert seeking peace.  
I forced the ancient skeleton to speak,  
(No human speech fell from its shriveled lip,  
But mute, direct, intelligible thought,)  
In answer to my eager questioning.

"Who art thou? When, and what life didst thou live?"

The illustration is adapted from Nelson's painting, "Le Sphinx en Egypte," by F. M. Gregory.

"Pot-amm, of the Seventh Dynasty;  
High priest of Ra; Brother of Pharaoh.  
Why dost thou thus disquiet sacred sleep,  
In which I rest, and wait till Hapi comes?"

"Declare to me the mighty mystery  
Hidden beneath the dead, unblinking eyes  
Of yon stone Sphinx, that thro' the centuries  
Gazeth across the desert's lonely waste,  
With a calm face of Purpose and of Power,  
Revealing nothing?"

"'Tis the sacred sign  
And symbol of the Priesthood of old Kem,  
The holy Seers that thro' unreckoned time  
Have watched until the sacred Hapi come;  
Amusing nations with the pagantry  
Of splendid idol-worship, which they scorned,  
Yet taught as a religion to the crowd  
That needs be governed thro' the inborn sense  
Of the Divine above them and around.  
But the Priests knew a higher truth, and they  
Believed not; but they waited, still unmoved  
By human passions, with that quiet power,  
Patient, inexplicable, watchful, calm,  
That speaketh from the Sphinx's chiseled face,  
They waited, and they watched, till Hapi came!"

"Who is this Hapi? I will have the truth!  
Lie not to me, or thou shalt feel the power  
That hath enabled me to reach thy soul  
Through the Enkhaimer's incantations and charms,  
In spite of enchantments, amulets,  
And myrrh and frankincense and sacred spice."

"Hapi is 'The Concealed,' 'The Hidden One.'  
The undiscovered sources of the stream  
That floweth thro' the ancient land of Kem,  
From whence no man nor Priest hath ever known,  
Are Hapi! He for whom the Priesthood waited  
Thro' the slow-moving, awful centuries;  
For whom they set up at each Temple's front  
The sleepless Watcher cut in fadefless stone,  
Is Hapi: 'One that hath not been revealed,'  
For whom the Priesthood waiteth till the end.  
The bull-god Apis and the gleaming horn  
That burneth monthly on the darkened face  
Of the inconstant Moon, are symbols of  
The 'One Concealed,' yet 'Hidden,' 'Unrevealed,'  
I know not who; but he shall surely come.  
Hapi is he whose calm and loving face  
Hes hideth with her veil; Hes, whom ye call  
Isis, whose veil no mortal lifteth up.  
I know him not, but surely he shall come!"

"Thou triflest with me! Dost thou think that we  
Who fly across the desert's heart by steam,  
And pour upon the darkened land of Kem  
The noon-tide glare of swift electric light,  
Know not the common things which thou hast told?  
The High Priests had a higher truth; and thou  
Shalt utter it, or I will torture thee  
Until thy stubborn soul shall howl and shriek  
As if a jackal with his claws and teeth  
Should rend thy sacred Mummy limb from limb!"

"Thou Unbeliever, strong and pitiless,  
Relax thy suffocating, cruel grasp  
Upon my spirit! I will tell thee all  
Except one thing; I cannot tell thee that.  
I know not who is Hapi; no Priest knows  
Except that he is 'Hidden,' 'Unrevealed.'"

I held the Ancient with a lighter grasp.  
And, with a less imperious will, I said:

"How is it that thou knowest not? What thing

Is that which hath been 'hidden,' 'unrevealed,'  
Yet sought for by the wisest men of earth  
Thro' the slow lapse of forty centuries?"

"He is the Hapi. Who is he? No priest  
That ever lighted sacred fires in Kem,  
Or drew a knife across a victim's throat  
Or, on the desert, river, pyramid,  
Piled holy rites on yearning prayers to Ra,  
Atum, or Mentu, or the growing Moon,  
Can answer that: for he is unweaved,  
Longed for, expected, waited for, and yet  
Hidden, concealed, and no priest knoweth him."

"Then how came Hapi into Egypt's faith—  
Jostled about, mixed up, half-smothered by  
Your vast crowd of ignoble, worthless gods—  
Hesiri-Hes, and Horus, the Triads,  
Worshipped by different names in many towns,  
Ra, Ptah and Imhotep, Seb, Sebek, Seth,  
And a great crowd of common, vulgar gods?  
Speak thou the truth, or find me pitiless!"

"That thing is easy," answered Pot-amm.  
"The primitive religion of old Kem  
Knew of no such ignoble crowd of gods,  
Nor that of India, Israel, nor Techin;  
It grew out of the searchings of the priests  
To find the hidden Hapi—searchings which  
They prosecuted throughout earth and heaven,  
Through life and death, through things unseen and  
clean,  
And through the awful mystery of Sex;  
'Tis sun and moon and stars were deified,  
And mountains, rivers, fount animals  
Were taken by the people to be gods;  
And the priests used the holy mysteries  
To feed the hunger inborn in the heart  
And govern men. But for themselves they sought  
By lawless means, unnatural agencies,  
Strange fire, and cruel, secret, sacred rights,  
To find the Hapi, and to make him come  
Into the world in form of man or brute,  
And be no longer 'hidden,' 'unrevealed,'  
But a known god, to save and govern men.  
And, as they knew not how he was to come,  
They tried all things, men, spirits and animals,  
Sun, Moon and Stars, and all the hosts of heaven;  
Kings, Virgins, Priests and all the brutes that live."

"So far, so good," I answered; "but whence came  
The myth of Hapi? What fact gave it birth?"

"The oldest name of any god was Ra,"  
Pot-amm said. "A son-thermaphrodite—  
A Father—Mother, dual Deity.  
Ra's consort always was a female Ra—  
A true procession from the divine soul—  
And never any creature that was made.  
The twin were one—a double-god, indeed—  
Combining in his spiritual life  
The fullness of both sexes of the soul:  
And of this God the Hapi must be born,  
And come into the world, and be a man;  
Or, as the Priests thought, when they waited long,  
And Hapi came not in the form of man,  
Perhaps he might come as a sacred brute.  
But the first faith of the most ancient world  
Was that the dumb God should bear a son,  
Who, by his coming, might redeem and save  
All men whom he should be revealed on earth.  
This faith was taught as Chang and Eng in Techin,  
As Indra-Aqui in the Rig-veda,  
And as Hesiri-Hes, whom the Greeks call  
Oshiri-Isis here in holy Kem!"

But Moses calls him Adonai, a name  
That is the plural number of a noun;  
Because he knew that God was only one,  
Yet more than one—that is, a dual God:  
And with that when this God created man  
He made him 'male and female,' like the God,  
Our image and our likeness, and gave power  
Unto the female taken from his side,  
(A true procession from the man's own life.)  
To bear a Son that might anticipate  
The coming of the Hapi—Son of God;  
That the Divine and Human Family  
Might bear one image and one likeness; so  
That God would be the Anti-type of Man.  
But Hapi came not; and the waiting Priests  
Searched for him through all nature! Oft they thought  
That in some sun, or star, or moon, or beast,  
They found the 'Hidden', the 'Concealed One';  
And many strange and monstrous fables grew up,  
Out of this senseless, unavailing search.  
The star-god Remphan, Baal and Molech,  
And thousands more as false and hideous,  
'Gainst whom the Jew-God fulminated wrath.  
But wearied by this long and hopeless search,

Protracted night and day through centuries,  
Lest Hapi yet might come when no one watched,  
The Priesthood bowed the sleepless, dreamless Sphinx  
Out of the stone that wastes not, never dies,  
And set it on a broad, Laramie base,  
With calm eyes gazing o'er the desert sands,  
The grand, mute Watcher, that must watch and wait  
Through the long ages until Hapi come!—  
I know no more; I pray thee, let me go!"

But then a tempest shook my soul: I cried,  
O Christ! Christ! Christ! No human thought can touch  
A single link in Being's endless chain  
That does not lend the spirit straight to Thee!  
Thou art the 'Hidden One' for whom they seek:  
Thou art the Hapi; and since thou hast come,  
The mighty temples crumble into dust,  
And desert sands hide Sphinx and pyramid."

*A sudden thrill of unexpected bliss  
Shot through the marrow of old Pot-aven's!  
My spirit put forth all its force in vain!  
His weary soul had gone beyond my reach,  
Seeking for Hapi, which is Jesus Christ!*

## THE FALSE PROPHET IN SOUDAN.

It is one of the anomalies of the present time that a petty tribal war among savages in the heart of Africa or Asia may threaten the peace of Christendom. Witness the strained aspect of the European "situation" when the Afghans ventured a few years ago to dispute British authority in Northern India; witness the present crisis consequent upon French interference with local affairs in China, and the portentous cloud of barbaric horsemen that, under the leadership of one whom his enemies call the "False Prophet," threatens to sweep down the valley of the Nile. Should it do so, it may give the British army of occupation in Egypt a taste of more serious fighting than was encountered during the copiously illustrated, and magnificently reported campaign of 1882. In short, if the barbarian of the period were only aware of his importance as a factor in the world's politics, he might beat his war drums and brag of his prowess with even greater confidence than now inspires his breast.

He reacts far more powerfully upon civilization than civilization reacts upon him. But he does not know it. He does not realize that if he impales the civilized soldier before him on the point of his spear (possibly of American make), other avenging soldiers will be ordered by telegraph and brought by steam to pursue him into his desert fastnesses. He does not know that, should he require a large enough army for his subjugation, there is another great Christian nation watching for just such an opportunity in order to carry out some pet scheme of its own, and that two or three others are watching it, and so on, until at the touch of an electric bell on some diplomat's desk the signal is given, the reserves are hurried to the frontier, and the barbarian with his spear and shield is forgotten in the rattle and roar of improved firearms.

Some years ago, after the English invasion of Abyssinia, and pending the recent revolt against Turkish

power in Egypt, a certain man, Mohammed Achmet by name, but calling himself El-Mahdi, or as we should say "Messiah," began to make his influence felt in a certain region indefinitely referred to as the Soudan. The man had never been heard of before outside of a few desert tribes, and it was not altogether easy even to learn where the Soudan was. Some of the best atlases ignored its existence, or only recognized it as an undefined African region away over on the western coast of the continent, and separated from the Nile valley by the major diameter of the great Libyan desert. Obviously some of them had not heard of the Egyptian Soudan, or did not think it worth mentioning. Much less had the "Dictionnaire des Contemporains" heard of the obscure nomadic chieftain who about this time caused to be circulated the following, which is believed by his adherents to have been revealed to some prophet of old:

"On the first of the month Moharem, in the year 1300 (November 19th, 1882, according to our reckoning), will appear El Mahdi or Messiah. He will be exactly forty years of age, and of noble bearing. One arm will be longer than the other. His father's name will be Mohammed and his mother's Fatima, and he will be hidden for a time prior to his manifestation. 8. T."

During the five years or more preceding the mystic date named in the announcement, El Mahdi was living as a hermit on an island in the White Nile, and here those who love to trace parallels may turn to any history of Mohammed and read how the founder of Islam went into the wilderness and abode there fasting for many days. No doubt El Mahdi has read history, or which amounts to the same thing, has listened to tradition with receptive ears, even as the original "True Prophet" did a thousand years ago. At all events the personality of the man soon commanded the allegiance of the neighboring tribes, and a considerable region to



PARADE REST—THE MARCH AT AIHARD.

the southward of Khartoum at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles was in revolt, under the instigation of El Mahdi, as early as the autumn of 1881. The government of Egypt was even then tottering to its fall under the machinations of Arabi Pasha, but an attempt was made to arrest the "False Prophet," so called only by his Turkish enemies. Of the detachment sent for the purpose only a few stragglers escaped to tell the tale of defeat. During the succeeding ten months other expeditions were sent out, but such of their members as escaped with their lives reached the Lower Nile invariably with a wholesome dread of what seemed to them a very real prophet. Altogether some 1300 Egyptians perished in ill-organized and ill-led attempts to reduce the rebel to terms.

In June, 1882, Yusef Pasha started with a comparatively well-appointed force of about 4500 men, provided with light artillery and the best armament that the Khedive could furnish. He advanced toward the region held by El Mahdi only to meet the fate of his predecessors. His army was annihilated, and scarcely a man left to tell the tale.

The rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the occupation of Egypt by the British for a time diverted the attention of the world from the False Prophet, but hardly had the brief campaign of General Wolseley terminated the war at Tel-el-Kehir when rumors of the uprising in the Sudan began again to float down the Nile and disturb the equanimity of the reinstated Khedive. The English army of occupation was not to be expected to take part in quelling this distant rebellion, especially as it did not immediately threaten the Suez Canal. But English and European officers were available, and when the cholera epidemic of 1883 was over Hicks Pasha was sent with a

force of at least 10,000 Egyptians, mostly relics of Arabi's defeated army, to reduce the rebel to subjection.

El Mahdi, however, had become all-powerful among the desert tribes. He had captured El Obeid, a city of 12,000 inhabitants, some 200 miles southwest of Khartoum, and the Oriental imagination, basing its estimate upon its hopes, gave him as many as 300,000 fanatical followers—the wild horsemen of the desert, capable of living on almost nothing, and glad to fight merely for the fun of it. However these numbers may have been exaggerated they were more than adequate for the work before them.

Early in November the news reached Cairo, through traveling merchants from the Upper Nile, that Hicks Pasha encountered the hosts of the Prophet near El Obeid, his stronghold. Details at this writing are meager and untrustworthy; but he appears to have been at once surrounded by clouds of warriors to some of whom the use of Remington rifles was not altogether unknown, who forced him to form a square with his entire command, which under its brave European officers resisted the attack for three days. Then, worn out by heat and lack of food, it was broken and put to the sword without mercy. Among the slain was Hicks and his white comrades, including Edmund O'Donovan, one of the most famous war correspondents of late years, sent out by the *London Daily News* to report the progress of the campaign.

That El Mahdi will move down the valley of the Nile is accepted as a foregone conclusion, and that Egypt is powerless to check his progress is equally certain. Either Turkey or England, or both, must move in the matter, and this involves far-reaching complications which may affect all Europe. Certain it is that for



A NUBIAN GROUP.



ON THE ATBARA RIVER.



ALI'S CAMP KITCHEN.

whatever reason, British corns promptly fell and American corn as promptly rose in price on receipt of the intelligence, and it is universally conceded that the insurrection looks far more formidable than did that of Arabi Pasha at its best estate.

Nothing can be more timely than the appearance, just at this crisis, of a remarkably entertaining book on the Soudan,\* from the numerous illustrations of which the publishers have allowed selections to be made for the present paper. The author does not, indeed, deal with the political questions of the present time, although the events which have now culminated were at the period of his visit in their first stages of development. Indeed, most of his experiences and adventures were among the wilder and more savage tribes to the southward of the scenes of El Mahdi's exploits. Still, the vast region now in a state of insurrection includes the ground covered by his expedition, and no doubt the Shetkis with whom he ate salt, are now enrolled under the False Prophet's banners.

It was in December, 1881, that Mr. James and his party left Cairo for Suex, with the intention of exploring the Basé country, a portion of the Egyptian Soudan, almost unknown, and whose inhabitants were justly feared for their treachery and hostility to foreign invasion. Their object was merely exploration and the exciting sport of shooting the large game that abounds. This country may be reached either from the Red Sea ports, or by ascending the Nile as far as navigable. Mr. James and his party saw fit to take the former

course, thereby avoiding the long and slow journey against the Nile current, and reaching their hunting-grounds by day's marches from the coast.

The party consisted of seven congenial Englishmen, including a surgeon, with three European servants and any number of native attendants engaged at Cairo. Among those were found the usual specimens of worthlessness and inefficiency common to savage as well as civilized races, and at last the expedition settled down to its regular day's marches, camps and hunting adventures, with almost the routine of a military force—certainly with a more successful organization than has characterized most of the expeditionary forces sent out by the Khedive's orders.

The Egyptian Soudan, or Beled-es-Soudan, as the natives name it, is, as has been said, one of those vast regions peculiar to Africa, whose existence is fully recognized, but whose boundaries are indefinite. It overlaps Nubia on the north and Abyssinia on the south. The Red Sea washes its eastern coast, and its boundaries to the westward melt away into Senegambia and the desert. Much of this territory is an inhospitable wilderness, where only the tribes who are injured to the climate can subsist; but along the rivers, as in Egypt itself, are arable tracts, aggregating, as is estimated, an area in square miles equal to that of Italy.

Of the Basé, as the people are called among whom their journeyings chiefly lay, Mr. James has made many interesting studies. They are greatly dreaded on account of their alleged treachery and warlike propensities by the more northerly occupants of the Soudan,

\* *THE WILD TRIBES OF THE SOUDAN.* By F. L. JAMES, M.A.: WITH Maps and Illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.





ROYAL GAME.



A STRANDED "HIPPO."

but through the exercise of a combination of tact and self-assertion the party seems to have held its own and avoided open breaches of the peace with remarkable success. Their manners and customs are of course strange in the eyes of foreigners. For instance, the engraving with which this paper opens suggests some weird religious ceremony or dervish dance. In reality, however, the two men are merely resting, it being the custom of the country to stand on one foot and rest the other, as shown in the cut. The two individuals in question were photographed when they were standing unsuspiciously in their natural or inherited pose. Another engraving shows a group of the Basé who were persuaded with much difficulty to stand for their portraits, and had frequently, as it were, to be "caught on the fly."

The Soudan, though for the most part uninteresting in its natural scenery, has still its picturesque features, as shown in the view on the Setitte river, near which

the travelers camped and hunted and fished for a number of days.

One of the principal personages of the field staff was Ali the cook, whose somewhat extensive culinary arrangements are shown in one of the illustrations given.

Of hunting adventures there are many, the lion affording a fair share of the sport. Indeed, it was a common thing for the adventurers to come upon these royal beasts *en fouille*, and in general, it must be confessed that their majesties and the children made haste to retire to the jungle or to rocky fastnesses, without waiting to hear the fatal crack of breech-loading rifles. Two of the dead lions are seen with a native standing guard over them in one of the accompanying drawings, and the ungainly form of a dead "hippo"—even more ungainly in death than in life—is shown to another. The book is full of interest for all lovers of exploration and adventure, and its numerous illustrations, greatly enhances its interest and value.

CHARLES LEYARD NORTON.

## RUY DIAZ, EL CID CAMPEADOR.



No literature holds so large a number of historical plays as the Spanish, but the interest centers about an exceedingly small number of characters. It is to the past that the Spaniard looks for anything that can stir the blood or bring any strong thrill of national pride, and in this past no figure stands out with such distinctness as has made itself so much a part of the national thought as that of Ruy Diaz, the Cid. What Robin Hood was to England, the Cid has been to Spain, and more; for name and influence alike are lost for Robin Hood among the English people of to-day, while the Cid still rules, in proverb and national saying, and the ballads in which his deeds are told are sung by every minstrel in Spain.

The ballads are of later date, but the first chronicles of the Cid go back to the first days of any distinct Spanish language, and the chronicle is to Spanish literature what Beowulf is to the Saxon or the Niebelungen Lied to the German tongue. The twelfth century

found it fixed in the popular mind, and as the Cid lived and died in the eleventh, tradition had not had play enough to alter materially the facts of his career. Like Robin Hood, he was of noble birth, being one of the chief barons in his own province of Castile, and like him, also, he lived his life chiefly, it would seem, only to defend the cause of the weak.

With the revival of the old chronicle in the sumptuous edition in which it has just been sent out\* should have been revived also a book dear to all young people a generation ago. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" have been poured over by many a boy whose diligence would never have had equal exercise in any formal history of either country or literature. The same charm that held Walter Scott held the boy or girl whose taste had never been vitiated by the present trashy flood of juvenile literature, and who turned with the instinct of any child fortunate enough to come up among old books, to the passages that had the truest ring. I know one boy, at least, who, like Sir Walter, used a cane as lance, placing it in rest and declaiming with an impassioned energy, not dead yet, and used still in as knightly a fight against oppression and wrong.

"The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,  
"I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar.  
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet merces' sake!"  
There where Bernardo fought amidst the foe they brake,  
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show;  
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man at every blow;  
When they wheeled and turned as many more lay slain,  
You might see them raise their banners and level them again.  
There you might see the broadswords, how they were cloft in twain,  
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain;  
The pennons that were white, marked with a crimson stain,  
The houses running wild, whose roofs had been slain."

It is in such conflicts that the title of the Cid became as much his as his own name, five Moorish kings at once having laid down their arms and hailed him as

\* THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID. Edited, with an Introduction and Appendix, by Richard Markham and illustrated with woodcuts of fifty designs by H. W. McVicar and Alfred Brannan. Square 4to pp. 315, 5s. 10; Dodo, Menz & Co.



THE HERALD ANNOUNCES THE COMING OF THE CID.

their *Señal*, or lord, but his first encounter held a romance which filled many ballads, and which, however its authenticity may be disputed, is clung to as pertinaciously as stories alive with human feeling and passion will be so long as men know them to be pictures of what must have been. What boy will not follow the young Rodrigo as he grows from page to knight, and accept his first hand-to-hand encounter as the only reasonable and praiseworthy thing to have been done under the circumstances? The advocates of Peace Societies may shiver at the bloodthirsty tendencies of this and many another

hero, but the boy who pores over the old tales of knightly adventure is more likely to have the knightly spirit than the one nurtured on the far more impossible adventures of Thomas or John in their sudden control of steam engines, or their mastery of their misguided and interfering elders. They were dark ages, it may be, in which the *Cid* lived his eager life, but whether the poem be fact or fiction, its spirit is noble; it is the best the day had for those who owned it, and in some points it is akin to the best that our own day has for those who know most fully what gift all days hold. Whether in Southey's version, or the scattered ballads of Lockhart, the formal chronicle as offered us to-day, there is a photograph of the people, their lives and thoughts, their hopes and sorrows and aspirations. The *Cid* renounces everything for his country, hardly united enough to be called a country, yet fighting its way to self-ownership.

The Moors are still in possession when the story begins; the Moors who have given Spain such learning as she still clings to, and an architecture which remains to show the grace and beauty of their early wars. But petty kings, each caring only for his own power in his own province, had divided the power once held intact under the mighty house of the Ommyades, and the

three sons of Sancho, who died in 1034, had taken the territories of their father. If petty quarrels had not undermined their own power, Spain could have remained a united kingdom, but such quarrels came, and so the opportunity for Ruy Diaz, who fought under Ferdinand of Castile, and whose victories began with one which very nearly proved his ruin. Count Gomez, the father of Ximena, whose loveliness was sung by every troubador in Spain, insulted the father of Ruy Diaz, and the son was forced by every knightly law to avenge it in mortal combat, in which Gomez fell. Beside herself

with rage and grief, Ximena flew to the king, who sat in his hall with Ruy and other knights gathered about him.

"The king leans from his chamber, from the balcony so high,  
'What means this furious clamor, my palace porch so nigh?'  
But when he looked below him, there were horsemen at the gate,  
And the fair Ximena Gomez, kneeling in woful state."

Ximena has no hesitation. Ruy is arraigned in words that stir his wrath:

"For thee, fierce homicide! draw, draw thy sword once more,  
And grieve the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before;  
Because I am a woman my life thou need'st not spare:  
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughtered father's heir."

Since thou hast slain the knights that did our faith defend,  
And still to shameful fight all the Almoravens send,  
'Tis but a little matter that I confront thee so;  
Come, traitor, slay his daughter—she needs must be thy foe.

"Ximena gazed upon him, but no reply could meet;  
His fingers held the hilt, he vaulted to his seat.  
She turned her to the nobles, I wot her cry was loud,  
But not a man durst follow; slow rode he through the crowd."

The Cid's silence, through all the storm of most legitimate denunciation, pleaded for him where words would have been useless, and the amazed king heard within a few months a very different petition. The plea was a curious and subtle one. Ximena had evidently thought over every phase of the case, and deciding that



DON DIEGO ORDOÑEZ IMPRACHES RAMORA.

Ray would one day be the most powerful subject in the land, determined that forgiveness was possible, and something more than forgiveness. The five kings had been conquered. The horse Bayleu was coveted by every knight in Spain, who believed him endowed with something of his master's endurance and prowess. The two good swords, Colada and Tizona were equally desired. It is small wonder that Ximena forgot her injuries and ascended the king as she came meekly before him:

"I am Don Gomez's daughter, in Gomez, Count was he;

His squire Rodrigo of Bivar, in battle valiantly

Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave—

And it is that I to husband the Rodrigo may have;

Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damsel,

Much better shall I hold me, I shall be married well.

I know he's born for thriving, none like him in the land;

I know that none in battle against his spear may stand;

Forgiveness well pleasing in God our Saviour's view,

And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."

Fernando fell into the arrangement with an alacrity which may have held the thought that revenge might still be possible to so fickle a lady, and sent at once for Rodrigo, whose state of mind was all that could be wished.

"I wot when young Rodrigo saw how the king did write, He leapt on Barlesa—I wot his leap was light.

With his own troop of true men, forthwith he took his way, Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all greatly born were they, All in one color mantled, in armor gleaming gay, New were both scarf and sabberd, when they went forth that day."

To meet the king was easy, but before Ximena even Bay Diaz the undaunted changed color.

"But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand, Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command; He stood and blushed before her; thus at the last said he: 'I slew thy sire Ximena, but not in villainy.'"

"In no degree I slew him—men against men I stood; There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood.



EXPULSION THE ASSAULT OF THE CID.

I slew a man, I owe a man; fair lady, by God's grace! An honored husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place."

More than one ballad holds the story of the wedding for which

"The king had taken order that they should rear an arch,

From house to house all over, in the way that they must march.

They have hung it all with lances, and shields and glittering helms,

Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street, And the ladies sing down garlands at the Campeador's feet; With tapestry and broidery their balconies between, To do his bridal honor, their walls the purple screen."

"So they were married and lived happy ever after," or if unhappiness crept in, no ballad holds hint of it. Ximena went home in state to the old castle where Rodrigo had been born. The Cid himself made short tarrying for any honeymoon, but sped away to more tilts against the Moors, run with such good will that

soon the story tells of his knighthood by King and Queen in the great mosque of Coimbra, which he dedicated to St. Mary. Pure in spirit, loyal and tender, the Cid had already in his own life lived the prayer made over every candidate for knighthood, and his own soul echoed the old words as he knelt:

"To this thy servant here, who has come to bend his head beneath the military yoke, grant strength and courage for the defence of the faith and justice; grant him an increase of faith, hope and clarity; inspire him with thy faith and love; give humility, perseverance, obedience and patience; make his disposition such that he may wound no person unjustly, either with this sword or any

gives him his own bed, and wakens deep in the night to find:

"... his face before

There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white,  
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou;  
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow!"

"I am the holy Lazarus," the leper answer; "the same poor leper thou hast saved for charity."

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;  
God favors thee, for that my pain thou dost relieve yestern.  
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,  
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase."

Sinner enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;  
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslems, too.

A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,  
Thy soul shall pass victoriously, and be received in heaven.

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite,

Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;  
Unto the heavenly Father and Mary Mother dear,  
He made his prayer right humbly till dawned the morning clear."

Long years followed the vision. Jealousy filled the king's heart, and the Cid was banished to be recalled when dire need came upon his truceless, Valencia had yielded to him thirteen years after his banishment, and his wife and daughters came in state from the convent where they had lived almost in hiding. The chronicle is alive with tournaments—with the stately weddings of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, the two fair daughters of the Cid, who find great misfortunes with their first unworthy lords, and happy days after the first heavy years are over. It is all purple and samite, and the echoing of trumpets, and the prancing of Bayleca, well beloved of the Cid and so recorded in his will. "When ye bury Bayleca, dig deep," he says; "for shameful thing was it that he should be eaten of curs, who hath trampled down so much curish flesh of Moors."

All battles ended at last. The good horse lived to bear his dead master to Salvatierra, where for ten years the body remained life-like and a marvel to all who saw it, being finally buried below the altar of the monastery of San Pedro de Cardenas, near Burgos. His good swords lay by him, and were even then the terror of his enemies, one of whom, a Moor, a contemporary and a historian, wrote:

"When the King of Saragossa saw himself threatened by the soldiers of the Emir el Moslemia, he set them a Galician dog, one Roderic surnamed the Caultrun. He was the scourge of the country. He fought many battles. His power grew very great, nor was there any district that he did not ravage. Nevertheless this man, the scourge of his time, was one of the marvels of the Lord in his love of glory, the strength of his character, and his heroic courage. Victory always followed his banner. God's cause he on him."

No story of any age holds greater charm than this old chronicle, whether in poetry or prose. In Southey's version, on which the present editor, Mr. Markham, has drawn freely, or in the older chronicles and ballads, there is a power that still makes the name dear to every chivalrous heart. The chronicle is "throughout striking and original," but it is also "no less rational, Christian and loyal. It breathes everywhere the true Christian spirit, such as the old chronicles represent it amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish



BISHOP DON RICHMOND.

other, but that he may use it to defend all that is just and all that is right."

From that day he was no longer Rodrigo, but Ruydies, and for the rest of his life small rest came to him at home or in the field. When the Moors were temporarily subdued, some petty intestine quarrel reared its ugly head, and the two swords left their scabbards more often and with deadlier effect than any other tea in all Spain. As he rode he succored all who craved his help. Rich and poor fared alike, and no haggard so abject but looked to him with surety for aid. One halld told the tale of a leper from whom all shrunk to dismay, and who, fallen in a deep slough, cried in vain:

"... For God our Saviour's sake,  
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take!"

Ruydies rescues him, feeds him, leads him home,

wars. . . . The whole of it deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give

confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where we should least think to find them. . . . During the thou-



THE CID AND MARTIN PELÁEZ DINE TOGETHER.

us of the rude but heroic period it represents; of the simplicity of the governments, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people; of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and

sand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the "*Divina Commedia*," no poetry was produced so original in its tone or so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness and energy."

Helen CAMPBELL.



## UNCLE AMOS AND HIS CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY MARY D. BRINE

ALL through the day the wind and rain  
Had driven o'er each street and lane  
Of our big city, till at last  
The twilight shadows gathered fast.  
And twinkling through the gloom about  
The misty city lights shone out;  
Some from the homes where love and peace  
Would help discomfort quickly cease;  
Some from the homes where hand in hand  
Grim poverty and pain would stand;  
And some, alas! from haunts where men  
Forged for their woes new chains again.  
Amid the crowd that jostled by,  
With tired feet and stifled sigh,  
Went Bennie Moore, a blue-eyed lad,  
The only joy his mother had.  
She was a widow. Day by day  
She sewed her health and strength away,  
While her young son, with anxious heart,  
To help her bravely tried his part,  
And walked the busy city through,  
Seeking some work to find and do.  
Yet search was vain. Men said that he  
Looked weak as "errand-boy" to be;  
Looked sick and small; in fact they had  
No jobs to give so young a lad.  
And so with each discouraged night  
Came tears to dim the blue eyes' light,  
While Bennie in his heart would say,  
"Please, Lord, do help mamma, I pray!"  
All thro' this day of chilling rain  
The boy had tried and toiled again  
"Odd jobs" to find, of any kind—  
Or hard or light, he would not mind.  
But now, still empty-handed, he  
Went shivering homeward, wearily,  
The earnest question on his tongue,  
"Mamma, is nine years old too young  
For work?" "Dear child," she answered, "you  
Are not as strong—alas, 'tis true—  
As many other boys you meet  
Each day upon the busy street.  
Be patient till you're older grown,  
Then Mother will not toil alone."  
So little Bennie's heart grew sore.

He pondered his grave question o'er,  
Till suddenly a happy thought  
By his quick, eager brain was caught.  
Nor did he let it go till he  
Had studied it most thoroughly.  
He knew—what little boy does not?—  
Of that most fascinating spot  
Called "Country." Every dear child knows  
It is a lovely place that grows  
Outside of city walls and fences  
All free beneath the distant skies.  
Our Bennie had no map to trace  
A town, locality or place;  
He only knew that somewhere grew  
High hills, and happy valleys, too.  
He only longed, with all his heart,  
From city ways and woes to part;  
To go where boys were not so many  
And he could earn an honest penny.  
All night he pondered on his plan  
Till morning came. Dear little man!  
How quick his tongue found leave to speak,  
When mother's kiss was on his cheek:  
"Mother, dear Mother, I must go!"  
He plead; "for in my heart I know  
That some kind farmer will employ  
And find some errands for your boy.  
Then when the Christmas time shall come  
I'll bring my earnings safely home;  
And you and I, oh Mother, dear,  
Will have a happy Christmas cheer."  
"Ah, Bennie, no!" she sadly said.  
But Bennie, as she shook her head,  
Pelt back upon his last resource.  
"Now look at me, mamma, of course,  
I shall be growing strong and well  
In the fresh air. You cannot tell  
How sure I am that it will be  
The very best of things for me."  
His mother gazed upon him there.  
The little face was far too fair  
For perfect health, and well she knew  
The shadow in those eyes so blue.  
"Can it be God's own plan," thought she,  
"Which, tho' it takes my child from me  
Yet offers health and strength to him?"



Dare I refuse?" Her eyes grew dim.  
She laid her hand upon his head.  
"God bless you, Bennie, go!" she said.

## II.

Old Amos Green came up the hill  
From his broad meadow land below,  
Just as the setting sun had shed  
O'er hill and dale its crimson glow.  
The farmer whistled as he walked,  
And to his shepherd dog he talked  
With kindly notice. "Sheep, old boy,  
Life after all is full of joy,  
If folks would only look about  
An' try to pick its comforts out,  
Instead o' grumblin' day by day,  
'Cause things don't always go their way."  
Sheep wagged his tail, then paused to hark;  
Pricked up his ears, and with a bark  
Went bounding forward to the gate,  
Where he had seen a figure wait.  
A little figure, thinly clad,  
A tired, yet a hopeful lad;  
For on the farmer's sunburned face,  
Surprise to kindly smiles gave place.

"Why, bless my soul! who have we here?"  
Then Bennie, without shame or fear,  
Told who he was, and whence he came,  
Showed his small feet, so bruised and lame,  
From climbing hills, and walking o'er  
Long roads he ne'er had seen before—  
Told also why he'd come away  
From home, in a strange place to stay.

"I've stopped at many a house to see  
If anybody wanted me;  
But I'm too little. Don't folks know  
That little boys can bigger grow?"  
He stopped and laid his soft, pale cheek  
On Sheep's broad head. Sheep couldn't speak,  
But with his eyes he seemed to say:  
"Master, don't send the boy away."

"Well, lad, what is it you would do?"  
Asked Farmer Green. "Stay here with you,  
And do odd jobs and things. You'll see  
How useful I will try to be."  
Was Bennie's eager answer, while  
He lightened 'neath the old man's smile.

"Please, sir, I'm tired with my walk,  
And most too tired to even talk!"  
Then came the farmer's sister, Prue—  
(Beloved of children were those two,  
Who in their cheerful home together,  
Had bravely shared life's changeful weather:—  
Those two alone, and loving all  
Young folks around, or large or small,  
Were lovingly by children claimed,  
And, "Uncle," "Auntie," they were named.)  
She came, Aunt Prue, and laid her hand  
On Bennie's brow. "We understand,  
Poor little boy! Don't tremble so!  
Amos, we'll need his help, I know,  
As little choosy boy. Surely we  
Won't grudge the pay to such as he."

## III.

Now fancy little Ben, each day,  
His young heart growing light and gay,  
And more than that, so grateful, too,  
For all the work he found to do:  
"And, dear mamma, it's so much better,"  
(He told his mother in his letter),  
"To live up here where fields are wide,  
And there is lots of sky, beside;  
And where I know, that every day,

It is for you I earn my pay.  
My farmer is so kind to me!  
I call him Uncle Amos—he  
Is that to all the children here,  
I'm sure you'd love him, mother dear?"  
All this, and more beside, did Ben  
In his own fashion write; and then  
The kind old farmer dropped it in  
The mail-box, with a merry grin,  
To think how Bennie little knew  
That with it went—a "Greenback," too.  
Well, days slipped by, and Amos Green,  
As it was plainly to be seen,  
Grew very fond of Ben, the while  
Aunt Prue's devotion made him smile.  
"You'll spoil the boy?" he often cried.

"No less will you!" Aunt Prue replied.  
And Ben, except for missing mother,  
Preferred this home to any other.  
November's reign was o'er at last;  
The "holidays" were coming fast.  
Each week Ben dropped his pennies in  
The little savings bank of tin;  
Each week he felt its weight again.  
'Twas growing heavier, that was plain.  
How far, how very far away  
To Bennie seemed that dismal day  
Of wind and rain, the last one he  
Had walked the streets so tearfully;  
Because he tried the long day through  
And had not found a "job" to do!  
Since then how happy he had grown,  
And how the days had flirly flown  
With all the chores he had on hand!  
(He ne'er was idle, understand,  
While yet one duty was undone  
Before the setting of the sun.)  
He helped the farmer feed the cows,  
And helped to turn them out to browse;  
He took the horse to water, then  
Rode bare-back to the barn again;  
He fed the chickens every day,  
And hunted for the eggs so white,  
And fed the great white pig, and oh!  
So busy he from noon till night,  
That Uncle Amos used to say,

"I tell you, Ben, I do not know  
How I could run this farm if you  
Were not on hand to run it too."  
At Christmas-time Ben meant to be  
With his mamma again. But she,  
Still anxious for his health, wrote, "No.  
Stay till the cold winds cease to blow."  
Then, thoughtful, loving Auntie Prue  
Said, "Ben, I'll tell you what we'll do.  
Send on your money. Don't you see  
What a nice Christmas-gift 'twill be  
For mother from her boy? And more  
You'll earn before the winter's o'er.  
At Christmas I will give for you  
A little party. Just a few  
Of happy children gathered here  
To help you taste of Christmas cheer."  
"A Christmas party?" Bennie's eyes  
Grew sunny as the sunniest skies.

He'd heard of such, poor little boy!  
But ne'er had tasted of the joy  
Which Christmas pleasures ever bring  
To homes where life's best sunbeams cling.  
And so he waited patiently,  
The days one Christmas-time should be,  
And every evening brought his books  
With willing heart and closey looks  
To study with kind Auntie Prue,

And practice up his writing too ;  
For very glad was she, indeed,  
To help him in his every need,  
Well satisfied when on her cheek  
He'd kiss the thought he could not speak.

## IV.

Ho ! for the merry Christmas-time !  
When hearts must sing and bells must  
chime !  
Our Bennie at the peep of day



Threw drowsy thoughts far, far away,  
And at the window stood to see  
The rising sun so gloriously  
Proclaim to all the listening earth,  
"This is the day of Jesus' birth !"  
Into his clothes he scrambled fast,  
And down the stairs he flew at last ;  
Cried, "Merry Christmas !" to Aunt Prue,  
The same to Uncle Amos too ;  
Then out across the barnyard, where  
He sang his greetings on the air,  
That all his barnyard pets might know  
What made his heart with pleasure glow.  
Throwing the barn doors open wide,  
He poked his curly head inside.

"A merry Christmas, good old Grey !"  
The mare responded with a neigh,  
And Bennie standing on his toes,  
Kissed lovingly her soft brown nose.  
"Now then, the first thing I will do  
Must be to find for Auntie Prue  
Some eggs for that big pudding she  
Is going to make to-day for me !  
Oh ! shan't I have"—alas ! what thought  
In Bennie's heart just then was born  
To drive the sunshine from his eyes,  
And make him sad that merry morn ?  
He knew his mother thought of him,  
In her poor home, with eyes so dim  
With unshed tears, she scarce could see  
The work she sewed so wearily.  
No happy Christmas day for her ;  
No joy to make her pulses stir  
As Bennie's dim, nor to her share  
Would fall his sumptuous Christmas fare.  
What wonder that all signs of joy  
Fled from the blue eyes of her boy !  
"But she has got my money now !"

(Back rolled the cloud from Bennie's brow,  
While dimples gathered thick and fast).  
"And I have helped mamma at last !"  
Oh, cheering thought ! Straightway our Ben  
Became a merry boy again,  
And when the party was begun,  
No happier child beneath the sun  
Could e'er be found than Bennie Moore,  
Who played as he ne'er played before.  
And oh ! the dinner ! there they sat,  
The children—rosy-checked and fat,  
Their appetites far more than able  
To do full justice to the table.  
While farmer Green, and Auntie Prue  
Helped them to eat and chatter, too.

## V.

Ho ! for the garret dim and wide,  
Cobwebbed with dust from side to side !  
Thither the children, girls and boys,  
Betook themselves and all their noise,  
Intent upon a hunt throughout  
The time-worn rubbish stowed about.  
What fun they had ! and how they played  
That they were pirates, making raid  
Upon such prey as came their way.  
Till Bennie, with a shout so gay,  
That it went ringing through and through  
The house, and startled Auntie Prue  
And Uncle Amos as they sat,  
Having an after-dinner chat—  
Discovered in an old-time chest  
A little sailor suit. In jest  
He slipped it on. "See, fellows, see !  
Its almost little enough for me,  
I'd like to be a sailor boy  
And go to places far away,  
And see such lots of curious things

As sailors see. I will some day.  
My father was a sailor, he  
Was fourteen when he went to sea.  
I know, because he told me so.  
But then, you see, he didn't go  
As big men do. *He ran away—*  
My father did, one summer day.  
And left his home. I think that I  
Would rather have stayed to say good-bye.  
He didn't tho', he thought 'twas fun  
To run away. The thing was done  
Before he scarce had planned it, see?  
He used to tell it all to me,  
And then he'd look so sad, as tho'  
Some things had grieved him long ago.  
Now it had chanced that Bennie's shout  
Had drawn the farmer from his chair,  
And hastening to the garnet seat,  
He paused awhile to listen there.  
'For like as not some mischief they  
Will do before the close of day.'  
Thought he, and standing there, had heard  
Of Bennie's story every word.  
And still he stood with his gray eyes  
Grown wide with wonder and surprise.  
While little Ben, in suit of blue,  
Telling his story, little knew  
Of the one auditor, unseen,  
Whose listening ears grew sharp and keen.  
Ben's little heart was stirred with pride,  
As "Tell us more!" the children cried;  
He loved to talk—they loved to listen.  
And how his eyes began to glisten,  
As in his childish way he told  
The story now to him so old.  
"Well, papa used to tell to me,  
How he grew tired of the sea,  
And went back to his home again.  
And stayed awhile, and then—and then  
Some trouble came to him, and so  
He wanted once again to go  
Away from everybody, and  
He did so. I don't understand  
Exactly how it was, for he  
Would often put me off his knee,  
And up and down the floor would walk,  
And stop me when I wished to talk."  
The farmer's face grew sad and white,  
He clenched his strong hands hard and tight:  
Long years ago a wayward brother,  
The youngest born—whose widowed mother  
Had left him with a dying prayer  
To brother's and to sister's care,—  
Had quarreled with his brother's will,  
And run away, alas! and still  
The grief within the hearts he left  
Was such as then. The home bereft  
Of that young brother's form and face,  
Still held for him a welcoming place  
Should he return—the years had flown,  
And of his life no word was known,  
Till now the elder brother heard  
Thro' Bennie's lips, sad word by word,  
Of him their love had borne in mind,  
With thoughts so tender and so kind.  
How plainly now could all be seen  
By the excited Farmer Green!  
His wandering brother's very name  
He'd changed, that he might quit all claim  
To the dear home, and none might know  
Of him whose pride had fall'n so low.  
But Bennie still talked on and told  
How poor they were; so often cold

And hungry, too. "But yet," said he,  
"Father was always kind to me  
And my mamma!" "So kind," he cried,  
Speaking the words with boyish pride  
In that dear father's love, "that when  
He died, we scarce could smile again  
For such a weary while: I knew  
That something vexed him long ago.  
'Cause once I heard my mother say  
'You'll see your home again some day.'  
'I have no home save here with you,'  
My father said; 'too proud am I  
To turn to those I've hurt, and cry  
After so many years, for aid!'  
These are the very words he said."  
With tears upon his sun-browned cheek,  
Old Amos Green his sister sought.  
"Come!" as she stared at him amazed,  
"Come, see what this strange day has brought  
To us." He led her tremblingly  
Up the old stairs, that she might see  
The little "chore-boy" of the farm.  
Still in the sailor suit arrayed.  
The farmer grasped his sister's arm.  
"Speak Prue, whose suit does Bennie wear?"  
She tuned, and o'er her face a shade  
Of anger passed. "How did they dare  
To use that in their play?" she cried.  
Old Amos drew her to his side.  
"Our long lost brother, dear, is dead!  
Ben scarce—his—father's suit!" he said.

## VI.

That night a happy little boy  
Knelt down to pray in words of joy  
And praise, to the good God above,  
Out of a heart o'er full of love.  
For had he not at Auntie's side,  
Learned how the blessed Christmastide  
Had given him a legal right  
To love his new-found home so bright?  
And listening to the sad, sweet tale  
Of his dead father's boyish years.  
What gift more treasured than the suit  
Once laid away with many tears,  
But which in merry, boyish play,  
He'd proudly worn that Christmas day?  
And think you it was long before  
Ben saw his dear mamma once more?  
Ah, no indeed! for Farmer Green  
No moments wasted ere he came  
To our big city one fine day  
Another sister dear to claim.  
He found her in her lonely room,  
Just at the early twilight's gloom,  
And gently broke the welcome news  
To her whose heart could not refuse  
To listen and believe. She heard  
Him through, and then at the last word  
Painted for joy, for she was weak,  
E'en while her "brother" kissed her cheek.  
But joy won't kill, they say, and so  
Her tired heart put off its woe,  
And all her cares and all her fears  
Were washed away in happy tears.  
No need to tell of the glad day  
When Bennie, rosy-cheeked and gay,  
Stretched out his arms mamma to greet,  
And welcome with his knees went  
To the old home, where Auntie Prue  
A sister's welcome tendered too.  
No need to tell how Farmer Green—  
The happiest "uncle" ever seen—



The joyous news spread far and wide,  
With Bea (to help him) at his side.  
But this I'll say, that to this day

Old Amos Green has full heart lifts  
In loving gratitude for those  
"Most unexpected Christmas gifts."

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

Awake spirits, through the night,  
Dress our hand in bridal white.  
Robes of spiced brown or gray  
Ill become her such a day.  
Cover up her naked arms  
With a wealth of snowy charms;  
Kiss away her gloomy frown:  
Place a glistening, frosty crown,  
Set with jewels manifold.  
On her brow, so pale and cold,  
Rock the wailing storm to rest

On the South-wind's gentle breast;  
Make all clamoring voices cease,  
For the world would be at peace  
On this wondrous day of days  
Meant for only joy and praise.  
Then when dawn the morn of grace  
Oh, irradiate her face  
With such smiles of heavenly cheer  
As shall last the lifelong year  
Bid her greet the Holy One  
Pure as snow and bright as sun!

JULIA H. TRAVES.

### A DREAM OF THE SPHINX.

(Suggested by Marston's "Hopes on Egypt.")

WITHIN the folding of my mighty arm,  
The weary Mary rests her slender limbs;  
No breath of cloud the vast horizon dims,  
And Joseph sleeps secure from all alarm.  
What though the haughty Herod dream of harm  
And fill with tears and blood unto their brims  
The streets of Bethlehem? Heaven's evening hymns

Rang echoes even through old Egypt's calm,  
And stirred her stagnant nations with the strong  
Majestic chorus of the pregnant song,  
"This day the Christ is born!" Safe on my breast  
The Saviour sleeps, a little child at rest,  
But I in dumb compassion gaze afar  
And see the shameful cross—the Eternal Star.

ADELAIDE WALDRON

## SAUCY PHYLLIS—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FANNY FOSTER CLARK



**T**HESE designs are executed with much flourish and elaboration upon an ancient chimney-piece of solid oak. Over the fireplace a branch of spruce; to the right the word "Noel," straggling down the jamb after the manner of old inscriptions; almost covered by the spruce a date, which seems to be 1753.

Now the young people of my family have an unwarrantable appetite for romance and sentiment, so on every Christmas day they gather about this quaint rebe and coax, and wheedle, and plead, until I'm forced to rehearse, for the hundredth time, the story that gives a key to the carved legend. As I always say, there are only the same facts to set forth again and again; I couldn't invent a tale to save my life. I can only tell this one just as it has been handed down through generations, and I'm heartily tired of repeating it. Such protests only call out a deafening clamor and end in my submission. But, youngsters, take notice! I shall escape you this year, and you must read the bit of family history for yourselves. Here it is, neatly printed, for my relief and your convenience:

### I.—PHYLLIS.

ABOUT the middle of the last century the streets of Boston were rudely paved with pebbles from the seashore, and private carriages were very rare; so when

Colonel Catherwood's coach came rumbling along towards King's Chapel, people on foot started at the unusual noise, then stood staring, or stopped to gossip about such unwonted grandeur and display.

"Why," exclaimed a maid-servant, who was carrying home a basket of green groceries, to a liveried man-servant, who could hardly carry his own fine clothes and impudence, "why, Thomas, if there bea'n't Colonel Catherwood's coach stopped at the Chapel, and that's the Colonel himself a-gettin' out. Now

the old buildin' hean't fit to use and the new buildin' hean't done, however is the Episcopals to keep their Christmas, I wonder?"

"Ah! Mistress Charity," and Thomas crooked one knee and both elbows in a high-bred way that proclaimed him a "gentleman's gentleman;" "ah! me and Sir Felix is in the colony a whole month, now, and we finds it a heasty hole. Think o' havin' no heddise for the pious observin' of Christmas day! Why, 'tis—'tis positive los. In Lunnon such a nooance wouldn't be stood. Mornin' devotions o' Christmas, and then rousin' bowls o' punch, full and free, all day long afterwards is height o' fashion, besides bringin' look for the whole year."

"Pie, Mister Thomas, I've heard say punch be an ungodly drink," said Charity, biting her red lips, and looking up from under her eyebrows hewitchingly.

"Egad!" and Thomas bent himself as stiffly and fashionably askew as any London hean; "egad! you're much too pretty for to be a coining Puritan, my dear," and he gave her a most insinuating chuck under the chin.

Feigning to be unconscious of this delicate civility, Charity continued: "Folks do say as there be sinful vanities, and popery shows, and—and—inconterations—like—like witchcraft in the Episcopals' churches, most special on their Christmas day. Oh, Mister Thomas!" and Charity enjoyed the sense of being delightfully, daringly wicked, "how I would like to get a peep at it all!" Then, with a wonderful little wriggle that set her linsey petticoat swaying, she ejaculated: "Oh, Lud! Mister Thomas!"

"Pon honor," cried Thomas, in a tone of solemn conviction, and looking down at her with a critically satisfied eye, "pon honor, you've got the very air of a Lunnon lady's maid. Egad! that 'oh Lud!' was perlick 'igh bredid'."

"What deceivers you London gentlemen be," answered Charity, coloring with delight. "But, dear me, I must hurry along home. There's Miss Phyllis Catherwood, along with the Colonel; and what a fine minnie she's got on."

"She's a right fine lookin' lady, 'igh steppin' and 'igh sperrited," remarked Thomas, the connoisseur.

"And a right saucy lady; all the town do say that," the maid-servant added. "My young master, Mr. Roger Bolton, be desperate fond of her."

"Fond of her? Mister Bolton! Egad, he'll get a hole punched in that Puritan doublet of his; for my master, Sir Felix Wythe, swears she has a 'envely eye and a temptin' lip, and he carries a sword, my master does. Why, he'd make nothin' of a fellow who goes dressed like—nothin'!" and Thomas went through the motions of a *pasade* quite savagely.

Meanwhile Charity was flushing up with anger, and she retorted hotly. "Bah! you think too much of yourselves. Old Puritan families is just as much gentlefolks as you London macaronis."

"Now, Mistress Charity, you're of the female persuasion, and a sweet little chick too, or I'd settle them opinions with a short argument," said Thomas. "But, my dear, instead o' that I'll owe you a kiss, and pay up soon." She dealt him a swift and vigorous slap, which the chivalrous hero dodged, and then, as he exclaimed: "Sir Felix'll crack me over the 'ead if I don't let him know as Miss Catherwood is where he can get speech with her," his gorgeous livery whiskered around a corner and out of sight.

"Pooh!" said Charity, addressing the circumambient air, "Pooh, pooh!" Then, ejaculating, "London im-

perdence! I'll have Mr. Roger here inside o' five minutes," she trotted off briskly toward home.

Old King's Chapel, for some time left intact within the half-built walls of the new structure, had been, through a miscalculation, dismantled and half destroyed rather prematurely. The congregation were actually left without a place of worship; and yet, partly through a certain pious pride that informs small religious bodies, and partly out of regard for the dignity of their sensitive little pastor, they hesitated to, even temporarily, join another church.

There among the loose stones and timbers, looking much puzzled over the situation, stood Colonel Catherwood, a retired British officer, living in the colony, and making money by extravagant and lucky ventures. He was a portly, lively old gentleman, with a garish face, framed by a full white wig; he was also a bachelor, easy-going and liberal, morally and pecuniarily; further, he was very kind and indulgent to himself and others, very profane, very fond of good wines, and very fond of his orphan niece, Phyllis. This same Phyllis stood beside him, flashing up at the unfinished walls indignant looks that evidently reproached the jagged, ragged pile for its unserviceable condition. And, indeed, anything but stocks and stones would have been moved and melted and molded into just such shape and position as these half-hegarty, half-coaxing glances might direct. Most things had cheerfully adapted themselves to Miss Catherwood's will; and, aha! as it was, she felt half provoked over the unemotional, unmanageable nature of building materials. Still more aha! was it that such childish petulance should seem to the lucky spectator perfectly excusable because it so heightened this spoiled and willful young person's peculiar, sparkling loveliness. A heavy, plum-color, brocade gown, held out by a hideous hoop, a clumsy mantle of the same stuff, trimmed with fur; powdered hair, drawn high over a cushion, and perilously riding on top of that great scroll of a hat bearing a bushel of feathers—all did their best to spoil her lithe young beauty. But even the ugliest of fashions failed to disfigure a creature so "divinely tall," so upright, so supple, so long of waist and round of limb. The very pomposity and clumsiness of the dress served to set off that blooming face. Phyllis was no Greek statue, for her nose hid defiance to all the types of all the goddesses. It was perfectly straight at the top, delicate and sleekless as a bit of ivory, but at the end, faintly, bewilderingly, exquisitely tip-tilted—not too much—only just enough to slightly unshadow the lovely little valley that divided the two arches of her upper lip, and just enough to make the Venuses and Junos look stupid and matronly. Then Phyllis had a pair of very delicate dark eyebrows, and big brown eyes that spoke more brightly and more swiftly than even her keen and nimble tongue. And Phyllis had a trick of under lip, a pouting, wayward trick that—well, that lip was simply indescribable. In short, Sir Felix Wythe, hurrying along toward King's Chapel, set forth quite the truth when he exclaimed, under his breath:

"What a saucy, provoking heauty she is!"

A moment later he stood, hat in hand, before her, and a very fine, full-fed gentleman he looked, too, growing stout already at thirty. The richness of his blue velvet suit lent him an opulent air that accorded well with the style of his features—features at once quite comely and rather brutal—of a type not uncommon among the English aristocracy in those days of table-indulgence.

"Ah, Miss Catherwood," was Wythe's greeting,

"Heaven denies us a church, but sends us an angel. Permit me to worship," and he bent low over her head.

"Pray don't exert yourself to be ridiculous, Sir Felix," returned Miss Phyllis, with composure. "You can't improve upon nature." Then withdrawing the hand and coolly adjusting her glove, she said, "Oh, this is too vexing! These carpenters and masons are such disappointing wretches. But we must have our Christmas services. Why, we cannot; I—I—will not," and the young lady tapped on a block of granite with her neat foot; "I will not give up the Christmas-chants and the Christmas-greens and all the dear old Christmas-pleasures."

"Lord!" said Colonel Catherwood, "If there were only pounds, shillings and pence enough to go round decently among His Majesty's old soldiers I wouldn't be another day in this pestilent, card-board, Puritan-ridden town. One must plan and contrive even to worship like a gentleman. Damme! Phyllis, child, there's no way out of it; we must join with the other Episcopal church, just for the nonce."

"What! Scatter poor Doctor Lincoln's congregation, and perhaps leave half our people to Trinity? No, uncle, decidedly, we must find some other building and keep our own church together."

As she spoke there joined the group a wiry, fidgety, little clerical gentleman, who had a modest professional bronchitis, and a fashion of repeating his words, like the last line of a letter-page. This was Doctor Lincoln.

"Thank you, my dear young lady, ahem! young lady," said the Doctor. "I would, indeed, wish to keep my little flock together on the chief of feast days—of feast days."

"But," said Sir Felix, "unless these Puritan chaps will let us come at one of their bare-walled old barns, I don't see what"—

"Why wouldn't the old South Church do?" interrupted Phyllis, without ceremony. "The Puritans don't use it on Christmas, of course."

"The building would answer—ahem! answer undoubtedly," replied the Doctor; "but Recompense Bolton is elder there—elder there—and he would never consent—consent."

"Bolton?" repeated Sir Felix. "Haven't I met one of that name at your house, Colonel? A young man who affects the hideous old Roundhead dress, eschews powder, looks like a superior sort of a peasant."

"Then, I suppose, bewigging and bepowdering and gay-colored flummery make a superior sort of gentleman," remarked Phyllis, her clear voice running up sharply on the last word. "Really, Sir Felix, we forget sometimes, here in these savage woods, that, at court, a man is judged neither by his good looks, his learning, nor his breeding, but by the blackram and gold lace of his suit, and the bottles he can empty at table."

A crimson challenge to conflict that burned on the pert young lady's cheek was so very becoming that Wythe actually stared at her in admiration and only tardily felt the point of her sarcasm. Then, as soon as he, in his turn, began to grow red, Phyllis broke into smiles, neatly dropped a mock trusting look straight into his eyes and added: "Never mind, Sir Felix, you shall teach me all the fine court fashions."

So Wythe had no sooner growled within himself, "Provoking little devil!" than he was fain to say aloud, with a most love-born sigh: "Ah, Miss Catherwood has already taught me what I little thought to learn."

"Isn't Miss Catherwood fortunate!" exclaims Phyllis, with a naughty suspicion of grimace. "Now," she

rattled on, turning to her uncle, "we must have the Old South. Do you send a written request to Elder Bolton and leave the rest to me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Colonel; "you see what a headstrong piece I have to rule me. I'm a docile sort of an old uncle, eh, Phyllis?"

"Oh, you're very well in your way, uncle," answered Phyllis, patronisingly; "but here, by the greatest good luck, comes Mr. Roger Bolton."

Now, Phyllis had spied Charity, the gossiping maid-servant, and fully expected that, before long, Roger would appear; but she arched her eyebrows in surprise, and made a very formal inclination as his tall figure approached. Young Bolton followed the severe and obsolete fashion of his father's family, who, being of old Puritan stock, still held to the primitive, and colored doublet, and plain, broad collar. But, as the handsome fellow drew near, with his sinewy frame and well set head, his bright brown hair thrown back, and his blue eyes all alight, Sir Felix Wythe looked very bedimmed and very puffy and expressionless beside him. Wythe, with a suitor's keen scent, detected rivalry in the very air, and in spite of his aristocratic self-assurance, he was a little scared by such an embodiment of manly strength and youthful fervor. Hastily, he drew Catherwood aside, and, in the very worst taste, and the most clumsy hurry, blurted out:

"Colonel, have I your permission to address Miss Catherwood?"

"My permission!" cried the Colonel, "why, that girl has me and my permissions right under her rosy-tipped thumb. But get her, if you can. I'm willing. Ha, ha, ha! I'm like a rakish old monkey, with the awful responsibility on his hands of bringing up a magnificent young lioness. She's the superior creature, and she knows it. Furthermore, I never had a spark of the parental instinct, and here I am, with an orphan girl of eighteen on my hands, and trying to be conscientiously tyrannous to the young beauty. Damme! she's full of spirit and full of sense. You should see her march into the dining-room, after dinner, and put the bottle away;" and the Colonel chuckled contentedly over his conical, but delightful, state of bondage.

The men shook hands heartily, and Sir Felix exclaimed: "With my experience among the sex, my dear Colonel, I'm sure of success. Your niece will shine in London as Lady Wythe."

Meanwhile, Roger, in bowing before Phyllis, murmured softly: "Sweetheart!" Then, coming a step nearer, repeated: "Sweet—heart!" fondly dwelling on each syllable, and making, with his tender voice and eyes, a little poem of the word.

"I hear you," said Phyllis, trying to be tart, and trying to meet those blue eyes bravely. But the transfiguration of love had passed over Roger's face, and she couldn't help being a little awe-struck by the miracle.

However, Roger had to turn away and be civil to the others; so she plucked up her usual impertinence, and, beckoning her uncle to come to her, announced to him, coolly: "I shall take Mr. Bolton's escort home. We shall walk. It's not far. I must persuade him to use influence with his father about this church matter."

"But, Phyllis," the Colonel whispered, shaking his head and puckering up his brows, "you must give that young man no encouragement in the way of marriage."

"But, uncle," returning the anxious tone, and exactly mocking the scowl and the shaking head; "you said to that young man just six weeks ago, 'Phyllis is her own mistress. If she marries to please herself, I'm pleased, too.'"

"Well, well, you mix, you dictated the words, and what could I do? But since, then, Sir Felix Wythe has come to Boston, and, my dear, only to-day, he has—"

"Oh, has he?" Miss Phyllis broke in, irreverently, "has he—*indeed*?" Then she laughed, and said: "What an honor!" with an intonation that puzzled her uncle very much. But, suddenly sobering down, she went on in a business-like strain: "You see I have to arrange this affair for our poor, modest Doctor Lincoln, so Mr. Bolton and I must be off at once. Tut, uncle, not a word," as Catherwood began a feeble remonstrance, "not a word, or right here, in the open street, before everybody, I shall—I shall—" and she held up a warning finger, "I shall—kiss you."

The Colonel vented a great "Ha, ha!" and swore a pleasant, round oath, like the merry old party that he was. Presently, up the street sauntered the tall lover, and by his side went Miss Catherwood, the very plumes on her hat nodding with coquettish effrontery. After a short silence, which Phyllis occupied in avoiding Roger's loving and asking gaze, she primly explained the predicament of the Episcopal congregation, and what favor they asked of the South Church people. As Roger listened, there would hover about his lips the suspicion of a smile, half grave, half sweet, but wholly lover-like, happy in something already received, and eager for what is yet to come.

Just as she had summed up her case, they reached the Catherwood house—quite a mansion—standing higher than the buildings on either hand, separated from the next house on one side by a garden; but from that on the other side only by a space of about a dozen feet.

"May I come in?" asked Roger, with his foot on the doorstep.

Phyllis looked up, dreamily, at the sky; then, her eye falling just in the space beside the house, she remarked, with deep concern: "Uncle is vexed that we stand so near our neighbors. Sometimes he talks of re-building more towards the garden."

"May I come in?" Roger repeated, steadily. "My room," observed Phyllis, still mischievously possessed by her subject, "has a window looking out on this alley, but it is a little higher than the window opposite in the other house. That's an advantage, isn't it?"

The brave man marched straight up to the breach again, and only said:

"May I come into the drawing-room for a little while?"

Just then the servant opened to Roger's knock. Phyllis sailed into the drawing-room. He deliberately walked in behind her, closed the door, and put his back against it.

Lady Disdain threw off her hat and mantle, and stood by the fire, one foot on the fender, and holding out her hands to the blaze.

"Phyllis," said Roger, "have you forgotten?" "Forgotten what?" as she surveyed the burning logs critically.

He advanced a step or two: "That I went home yesterday,"—his voice trembled and grew deeper—"with your first, shy kiss upon my lips."

She was mute and motionless. Then, standing perfectly still, Roger held out his arms and said, softly: "Come to me, Phyllis."

Her figure lightly swayed for a moment; slowly she looked up, met his eyes, and swift as a thought, she nestled across the distance between and into her lover's arms.

After a little while Roger murmured playfully, "You are not unwilling, after all, to come when I call you, my rebellious darling?"

"Oh, Roger?" she answered, through an ecstatic sigh; "I have no choice. I feel!"—and she grew a little pale with earnestness—"I feel that you could call me across any space, any terror, any peril; you could make me dare, risk, suffer anything with only the words: 'Come to me, Phyllis, and your open arms.'"

"After that, nothing kept account of time in that drawing-room except the old clock, until Phyllis, suddenly mindful of conventionalities, said:

"You forgot, Master Bolton, to stop in the dining-room, yesterday, as I bid you, and inform my uncle of my betrothal?"

"I looked in as I passed," said Roger, "and—and—well, Colonel Catherwood and the English baronet were drinking rather deeply, and it seemed—seemed—"

"I know," answered Phyllis, "I know. Oh, I hate this after-dinner carousing. There is, at least, one thing," she added, archly, "that I avow I like about you Puritans—your temperance."

"So, we are not in danger of quarrelling on that point, eh, Phyllis?"

"Quarrelling? How ridiculous! Why should we quarrel about anything? You like everything that I like—or you ought to do so, Roger," and she twisted her slender fingers about his strong hands in a way that would have unmanned St. Antony.

Yet, Bolton had sturdiness enough to faintly ask: "But you will try to consider my fancies a little, dearest?"

"Oh, yes, if you are good, and like the right things," said Miss Phyllis.

"I like you," said Roger, with an embrace, by way of emphasis.

"That's right—so do I," she answered, complacently.

"And," Roger continued, with a scowl, "I do not like Sir Felix Wythe."

"And I," said Phyllis, teasingly, "do not admire Sir Felix Wythe beyond reason, though he has paid me a high compliment, and he is a gallant three-bottle man, and the very last to go under the table."

Roger cleared his brow, and smiling, took both her hands, swinging them lightly as he spoke: "Love, I have no fears of anyone or of anything. I've a charm against every ill."

"What is it?"

"Come to me, Phyllis, and my open arms."

There ensued another short period of unconsciousness of time, then Phyllis, as Roger was leaving the house, said:

"Remember about the church."

"Remember? As if I could forget your first request?" was his response; and he went home, in the bright noonday, feeling that he walked upon the sunshine rather than in it.

#### II.—SPRUCE BRANCHES.

Tite room at Recompense Bolton's, which, in reverent imitation of earlier and simpler days, the rich Elder named the "Living-room," was a nobly spacious apartment. It had two great fireplaces, with second logs bluing in them; many large pieces of well-made carved furniture gave it a shade of feudal grandeur; hooks and maps adorned the paneled walls, and there was a general air of solid comfort that nearly approached luxury. As Roger came in to dinner the scene was quite a picture. Charity, in her trim gown and cap, was carry-



ing a steaming dish to the table, while Roger's two bright-haired young sisters arranged and rearranged some rosy apples at the sideboard. Then Recompense himself was a striking figure. He might have belonged to old Cromwell's time—with that dark, uncompromising, deeply lined, dignified face, those overhanging eyebrows, that quaint doublet, and his solemn pride in such a vanity of simplicity. But his wife, who went bustling about with an eye to everything, was fair and plump, and had, it was plain, more lightness of disposition, for she wore a petticoat of a bright-blue color. The family drew near the table, and Recompense, standing, demanded rather than asked a blessing. As soon as the meal was under way Roger approached the matter of the Old South.

"Father, have you heard from Colonel Catherwood to-day?"

"I have," was the grimly spoken answer.

"And you will let him have the church?" Roger questioned, in a conciliatory tone.

"Give the house of God to those who make a mockery of worship?" exclaimed the Elder, his shaggy brows bristling. "No!"

"I would be a very neighborly act toward the Colonel," Roger suggested.

"Colonel Catherwood," growled Recompense, "is a very merry and a very intemperate person. Let him chant his popish canticles with his own kind at Trinity."

"But," argued the young man, "we ought not to repeat the sad old history of religious intolerance."

"When I need information or advice from you, I shall ask it," said the Elder, every hair in his eyebrows standing alone. "Meanwhile do not speak another word to me on this matter, not another word," and raising his voice, he thundered, "I forbid you!" The dinner was finished in an awful silence.

But Roger was not his mother's only son without understanding the privileges of the position, and a dame who affected the vanity of a blue petticoat might reasonably sympathize with the softer emotions. So, contriving to be alone with Mistress Bolton, he announced to her:

"Mother, dear, I'm a happy man. Phyllis will marry me."

The tears sprang into the mother's eyes and a smile to her lips in the same moment. As well as so short and stout a little body could, she embraced her tall son, and she exclaimed:

"I will love my boy's wife were she ten times an Episcopalian," which was a bold and generous thing for the wife of Recompense Bolton to think or say.

"Ah! but, mother," and Roger stroked one of her hands, "how unkind that I should deny her first request!"

"Then it is Phyllis," she said quickly, led by her woman's wit straight to the point—"it is Phyllis who wants the church."

"Yes, mother," and he stroked the other hand.

"She shall have it," spoke Mistress Bolton bravely, "she shall have it," and her son seized both her plump, useful hands and pressed them against his cheek, in the loving fashion of his childhood.

"But father and the deacons?"

"Leave your father to me, and leave the deacons to him," was the oracular answer.

Soon she disappeared into the great "living-room," where Recompense was enjoying an hour of after-dinner leisure; she banished the two daughters up stairs, bid Charity stay in the kitchen, then securely closed every

door. Elder Bolton knew that the deacons were being cleared for one of those stubborn conflicts, rare in their domestic history, but which so distinctly settled the balance of power. He coughed, frowned, squared his shoulders, and made a gallant struggle, but he knew that, as in times before, the victorious standard would be—must be—the blue petticoat.

An hour later the doors were opened; Recompense peacefully passed out of the house, and a flushed little matron was singing a psalm tune in very lively time as she skillfully threw off creamy lengths of yarn from the great wool wheel in the corner.

"I seldom ask anything of Recompense Bolton," said the dame quietly to Roger; "but when I do, I have it," and she sent the old wheel round with a merry burr.

That very evening there was a solemn convocation of the elders and deacons of Old South held at the Boltons' house. Mistress Bolton sat demurely in the corner, busily plying her needle; but she, now and then, cast a look on her husband or threw in a word; and the upshot of the conference was a concession of the building—a concession burdened only with one condition: "That the house be not decorated with spruce branches nor any other green stuff; neither, in any part, dressed, covered nor hung with any ornamentation whatsoever."

A civil and formal missive, embodying the consent and the proviso, was duly signed and sealed. With this Roger presented himself at Catherwood's betimes the next morning.

"Here is your answer, Colonel," said he, cheerfully, "and I hope it may be for the cementing of friendship between the two churches."

"Good!" cried Catherwood, "I hope so too."

And, tearing open the letter, he ran over its contents. Then he burst into a derisive laugh, and, slapping the paper with his open hand, exclaimed:

"That's damnable Puritan nonsense, Mr. Bolton! As if an innocent branch of spruce could hurt anybody. Why, you ought to be grateful for getting something gladsome and natural into that dreary bark of a meeting house. Come, take this precious document back to the elders, with my thanks and compliments, and say we beg a revision of this ridiculous clause." So, laughing and ejaculating, halfaloud: "Nonsense—folly—absurd prejudice—ignorant superstition!" he blustered out of the room.

Phyllis looked over the letter, and turned to her lover with the most reproachful gaze:

"Why, Roger," she said, "I feel as if you had broken a promise to me."

"But, my love," he explained, "I have used the greatest diplomacy to obtain so much concession."

"This makes a very contemptible exaction," she went on. "It's a perfect tyranny. There, I've spoken my mind. Oh, Roger, go at once to those rigid old men who rule you and—"

"My darling, they only rule the church."

"It's all the same; you let them grind you down with their dreadful prejudices."

Roger tried to protest, but his arms were about his neck, and his lips seemed made for no use but one. "Oh, my dear, dear, brave Roger," she coaxed, "go and tell them we must have our good Christmas evergreens. Go, for I ask you this one little favor. I ask it."

First, Roger did—what any man would have done under the circumstances; then he found strength to say:

"Phyllis, I will try my very best. If I fail—why, you will be reasonable?"

"You must not fail," she answered, with an imperiousness that sent a beautiful flash of light through her brown eyes. Then, with the gentlest promise in her tones, she whispered: "Come with the news this evening, surely; this evening."

Roger, with an impatient desire to arrange the matter without delay, went directly to his father. Reconnoissance made him answer in this fashion:

"As God-fearing men, we have already half violated conscience for neighborly feeling; but we refuse to countenance every profane and foolish practice. The Old South shall have no masquerade of green stuff on its honest walls. Speak to me no more on the subject, or the first consent shall be withdrawn. Let the Episcopalians remember that, not so long ago, good Governor Endicott banished from our colony all of their worship. I believe 'twould not be ill did we deal with them in the same way again."

Roger still persisted and boldly began: "Miss Catherwood is my—"

"I know," interrupted Reconnoissance sharply. "May she appreciate the privilege of marrying into a family that have the pure and primitive faith. When she is my daughter I shall gladly instruct her in what is necessary to salvation, and I hope she will not prove a stubborn spirit."

When Roger went back to the Catherwoods' that evening, Phyllis was in the drawing-room, ready and eager to meet him. Her first words were:

"You have brought these foolish old men to reason. I'm sure you have."

"No, love. I've done my utmost and been refused. But, after all, the matter of a few spruce branches is nothing. You have the church."

"But, Roger, the spruce branches are very much to me. It seems a cheerless Christmas without them."

"Personally, Phyllis, I care little either way; but to most descendants of the Puritans these outside shows in religious worship are mere mockeries."

"Descendants!" quoth Phyllis, with bitter sarcasm.

"You are Puritans—deep-dyed and rebellious. Thanks to you for instructing us in true worship, forsooth. This Christmas custom is ancient and innocent, and—" She stopped for a moment, a little choked with excitement, then broke out with: "I don't wonder Master Blackstone, who first inhabited these Boston hills, ran away from the place. He said: 'I left England because of the tyranny of the Lord Bishops, and I leave Boston because of the tyranny of the Lord Brothers!'" She snatched away her hands, and stood apart.

"The refusal to yield a principle can hardly be called tyranny," said Roger, rather unluckily.

"Principle!" she echoed with contempt. "So you find a matter of principle in a few green branches?" and she laughed provokingly.

"You find a matter of principle in them, it seems, or you'd not insist so hotly upon having them," returned the young man.

"I think that what is lovely and graceful has a natural part in all religious worship," retorted Phyllis.

"While we condemn show and ornament, however graceful, for fear of a tendency towards the errors of papacy," said Roger, trying to conciliate, and yet to keep his dignity.

"We? you say. Ah, Mr. Bolton, so you're as narrow-minded as any of the grim demons, and use their authority to prosecute your own plans."

"Phyllis," answered Roger, striving to be cool, "I

think the old settlers have striven to do justice to your sect. It no longer exists, as in earlier times, merely on sufferance."

"Sufferance," indeed! Why, we have the power of the British crown behind us. General Andrews had your church opened to us, once, by force. I wish it might be done again!"

"Phyllis, you are going too far. We must respect each other's scruples."

"Such scruples as yours don't deserve to be respected. They are narrow, ignorant, bigoted."

"The narrowness and bigotry, it seems to me," returned Roger, "reside in finding a candlestick, a vestment, or a bunch of evergreens necessary for saying your prayers."

"If I'm narrow and bigoted, I'm at least not deceitful," Phyllis gave back. "I wouldn't insincerely undertake a cause, nor ambush my own prejudices behind those of other people."

"You mean that I did not earnestly try to obtain the building on your own terms;—that I have some personal feeling about these miserable spruce trees?" asked Roger, turning white.

"You may wear the shoe, Mr. Bolton, since it fits so well," said Phyllis, "and please to refrain from applying epithets to our innocent evergreens."

"I applied no epithet."

"You distinctly said, 'miserable spruce trees.'"

"Oh, Phyllis!" and Roger impatiently closed and unclosed his hand. "I can't consider every word, I'm not on trial in a court of law, though for the sake of fairness and justice, I wish I were."

"Yes," said Phyllis; "the justice of your Puritan courts, in which you condemn people to sit in the stocks because they refuse to come to your churches."

"We never do that, and you know it right well," said Roger, his voice shaking a little with suppressed grief and rising anger.

"It is not long, then, since you did have that pleasant custom. Doubtless your father remembers when stocks stood at the church-door. Perhaps you'd like to see me in the stocks for my stubborn faith."

"Phyllis," cried the young man, "take care, you will anger me presently."

"You're angry now," and she laughed mockingly. "You're a very unseemly scowl for a meek-spirited young Puritan."

As her laugh rang out, a boisterous "Ha, ha!" from the direction of the open door made Roger turn about sharply. There, just within the room, stood Colonel Catherwood intensely amused by the latter part of the dialogue, which he had evidently overheard. On the threshold, leaning against the jamb, and decidedly flushed from postprandial drinking, was Sir Felix Wythe. He held his table napkin in his hand, and was roaring idiotically over the scene before him.

"Upon my honor," said the Colonel, between bursts of spattering laughter, "this is the most comical matter I ever came across. These people, ha, ha! have a superstitious horror of a bit of green bush; and here's my Phyllis giving 'em her mind right royally."

"Yes," bleated Wythe, making a half drunken blur of his syllables, "yes, positively good joke—mere joke to tell ' London. 'Twould 'muse 's Majesty 'mazingly. Puritans great foolish—great foolish."

"Sir," said Roger, coming near to him, and looking dangerous, "if I thought fit to bandy words with a drunken man, I might say that some Episcopalians are great knaves."

"Why, you've lost your temper, losht—hic—has temper," screamed Wythe, greatly delighted, and, snapping his napkin in the air; then, with tipsy solemnity, he added, staring at Roger with his blood-shot eyes: "Pon honor, you look drunk yourself; yesh, poosh'tively you're drunk as a—drunk as a—thinker."

Young Bolton sneered contemptuously in the baronet's face, and strode just him to the front door.

"Stay," Catherwood called out pleasantly; "stay, Mr. Bolton. We are greatly obliged for your good services, and we accept the use of the church under the conditions named; only, ha, ha! pardon me, but I've such a peculiar appreciation of what is absurd."

"And I," retorted Roger, "have such a peculiar apprehension of what is insulting and disgusting."

The front door slammed, and he was gone.

"Queer fish, these fellows," remarked Catherwood. "Come, Phyllis, the cards," and he drew a table out from the wall.

"Yesh, the cards," cried Wythe. "a rousin' game—nothin' like a rousin' game."

Catherwood observed his drunken friend an instant, then whispered Phyllis: "Go to your room. Ah, I'm a sorry old monkey to guide your young life, my dear. Go—go to your room."

She gave him an imploring look, which he answered with:

"No; 'pon honor, not a drop more to-night."

And from upstairs, for many long hours, Phyllis heard the cards clapping down on the table, and the jingle of glasses, and the shouts of the two merry gentlemen. She seemed merry enough, too, for she hummed a tune, chatted with her maid, gaped ostentatiously to persuade herself that she was tranquilly sleepy, and at last put out the light, and drew the curtains of her bed. Then, hidden, and in the dark, she cried a storm of hysterical tears, but only because, as she kept saying aloud, that, hearing the words, she should believe them, "I'm so angry, so very, justly angry."

The first thing she did in the morning was to again assure herself: "I am very justly angry," and to put herself in the most reckless high spirits.

#### III.—SEVEN.

ROGER, to cool his rage, walked the streets so late that a fatherly old watchman, who, in passing, threw on his face the light of a lantern, cried out:

"Lord! be that you, Master Bolton? Why, you look disordered and pale as a ghost. Have you been to the tavern, or be you sufferin' some pain?"

"I'm sufferin' a very severe pain," was the bitter and truthful answer.

"Best get home and to bed," said the zealous functionary. "Streets must be cleared." So home and to bed Roger went, only to be tortured between his anger and his love; to justify himself in all that he had done, and then live over the moments when a soft pink cheek had nestled against his own. There was, at any rate, only one day yet before that unlucky Christmas. He resolved to wait until after the services, then frankly go to Phyllis, and, like a man and her future husband, bid her reconsider her biting, flippant speeches. "She is, after all," he argued, "only a young creature, high-spirited and without guidance. If those men hadn't come upon us, perhaps in another moment she would have been in my arms and all had been forgiven. Phyllis has a clever wit and a ready tongue, so she is tempted to say more than she means, but my Phyllis would do deliberately no cruel or heartless thing. She is, perhaps, weeping for me at this moment. Ah, I

grew very angry with my little girl. Never mind; she is sorry, surely, and surely so am I. As to Catherwood, he is an old man, and of Phyllis's own kin. That drunken wretch, Wythe, I shall insult when he is sober at my own leisure." And, after all the quarrel, the words with which Roger comforted himself to sleep were: "We shall forget all this and begin anew."

The next day—the one day of his exile from happiness—some errand, of course, took him by the Catherwoods'. From the opposite side he glanced over toward the windows. The curtains, below stairs, were all drawn apart; the drawing-room was full of light, and Phyllis, looking out through the panes, nodded to him gayly. "I felt everything would be right," he said, and was about to cross; but just then she raised both arms, and held up over her head, with an action of playful defiance, a long garland of the bright ground-pinn. She looked very lovely, framed by the fresh color; but there was a reminder in that garland, and the impulsive lover hesitated. Suddenly at her side appeared Sir Felix Wythe, who also nodded pleasantly through the window as Phyllis exchanged with him some smiling jest. Roger hesitated no longer, but walked off at a furious pace, as hopelessly in love and helplessly enraged as ever.

With the dawning of Christmas morning—the time he had set for a reconciliation—young Bolton became quite another being. He was off early to business at his father's warehouse, and though consulting the clock every five minutes, came home with the Elder to dinner in the cheeriest of moods. As they entered the "living-room" they were assailed by a confusion of many voices. Waiting there were Elder Foster, Deacon Greenleaf, Deacon Holloway, and half a dozen other ruling members of Old South, all highly excited and talking very loud.

"Welcome, brethren, welcome," said Recompense, hospitably. "Sit ye down. But what has happened?"

"Happened?" cried out an indignant chorus. "Enough has happened."

"Perhaps you know," began Deacon Holloway, who was tall and gaunt, had a small, close-cropped, iron-gray head, pinched features, and a piercing nasal voice—"perhaps you know that this is the day when we have given Old South into the hands of the ungodly."

"Yes," answered Recompense, "and I trust we have done well."

There was an angry murmur, and all threatened to speak at once.

"Stop," said Deacon Holloway, raising his long hand, "let me, as an eye-witness, inform Brother Bolton of this affair."

He rubbed the corners of his mouth with his finger and thumb, got a firm poise on both feet, and launched into a narrative:

"Early in the day I civilly handed over the keys of the church to Colonel Catherwood, who made, by the way, some unseemly jests about the quaintness of the sounding-board. Well, by chance, in the course of the morning, I was passing near the Old South, and I observed the Episcopalians flocking along toward the place, all in holiday dress. Pray God, think I, that we be forgiven this sacrilege, when on a sudden I become aware of Colonel Catherwood and his niece, and with them this newly arrived court minstrel, Sir Felix Wythe. The men were in fine gear—all scarlet and gold, and blue and silver; but the girl, she was in a most monstrous petticoat of crimson velvet, and a gaudy coat of

the same color, and a hat all furbelows and shining buckles, looking as no honest woman ever—"

"Have a care, Deacon Holloway," cried Roger, compressing his lips and stepping very close to the grim old man, "have a care! That lady's honor is my own."

The deacon threw back his long gray face, and adjusted his spectacles to bring his challenger better into focus, then, not giving way an inch, continued:

"The young woman held in her left hand a prayer-book, and boldly in her right she carried a branch of spruce. With that green stuff waving over her shoulder, she walked straight into the Old South Church!"

Roger full back a little, and gave a startled exclamation under his breath.

"The people all about her laughed and nudged each other," Holloway went on, "and I followed the crowd inside. Up the aisle she goes; chooses to sail into Recompense Bolton's pew, and there, in the corner, impudently sets up the green branch, whips open her book, and, with her uncle half smiling and Wythe on a broad grin, she proceeds to say her prayers. All the congregation were in a titter, and I, being able to bear it no longer, walk up to the pew and demand that Catherwood come out to me. 'I order that bit of vain decoration removed from the church, sir,' said I. 'It is in violation of our agreement.' 'Oh,' replied Catherwood, with great merriment, 'that is not a church ornament; it is a personal decoration—my niece's little Christmas posity, which she likes to carry. No offence in it—none at all, Deacon,' and he laughs in my face. Then the man, Wythe, steps out of the pew and says, with mock courtesy: 'Won't you join us, Deacon?' and the fine miss sits in the corner, smirking all over her face to suppress a giggle, while I, mightily enraged, cry: 'I shall settle this matter later.' 'Good,' says Wythe, tapping his sword, 'I shall be glad to meet you.' I turned my back and left, their mummeries just beginning."

"Is this true?" Roger hissed between his teeth, his eyes blazing within a fool of the old man's spectacles; "for if it's not, you shall account to me dearly, Deacon Holloway."

"Any boy in the street will tell you, Master Bolton, or any tipsy soldier in the barracks. It's town talk. The girl has put an insult on Old South and on every honest citizen of Boston."

"Aye," was answered in angry chorus, that Roger never stopped to hear. He had snatched his hat, passed the door, and was out of sight before the sound died away.

The black servant who opened to Roger at Colonel Catherwood's house fell back against the wall, blinking and shattering, the visitor passed him with such a rush, and strode right into the drawing-room. There was an armchair drawn near the fire; at its sides appeared the folds of a crimson velvet gown, and, over the top, a mass of powdered hair stuck with gay rosettes. These bits of color indicated that Phyllis was sitting there, much at ease, and not hearing the step behind her. At her feet, on the hearth, was lying—a branch of spruce.

Roger laid his hand upon the back of the chair, and said, "Phyllis."

She started up in fright. "Why, I didn't know your voice."

No wonder, his voice was so strained and hoarse. She faced him, standing on the hearth-rug. His hand never left the chair; he never stirred, yet she was trembling a little before the something ominous in his quietude.

"Phyllis," he repeated; "When you carried that"

(He cast a glance upon the branch at her feet) "into my father's church, you knew that you were insulting my people—you knew that you were insulting me."

"Oh," answered Phyllis, beginning with a smile, then finding she couldn't sustain that, taking refuge in scornful dignity, "I always disregarded ignorant prejudice, and act according to my own judgment."

"Then," said Roger, "my feelings are to meet no respect from you?" He was even more quiet than at first.

"How much ridiculous earnestness," she cried, impatiently, "about a trifle—a joke—a—" "Pshaw! I won't be ruled and admonished, Mr. Bolton. I decline to answer for my conduct."

She was about to sweep past him. Still he never moved; but his strange voice, against her will, arrested her, as he said: "Phyllis, don't you know that husband and wife should be mutually considerate, mutually mindful of the little things that may wound, or offend, or cause a hurtful scandal?"

"Husband and wife?" repeated Phyllis, with haughty questioning.

"Yes," answered Roger, "that is what we shall be."

"You are hasty. I'm not your wife, yet."

"But you will be?" There was a slight tremor of pleading in his even tones.

"It seems a matter of some doubt," said Miss Catherwood, flipping a bit of lace upon her sleeves. "Uncle has other plans for me, which it is my duty to at least consider."

"You mean that you think of marrying Sir Felix Wythe?"

"I believe uncle did mention him."

"He is a drunken, shallow rake," said Roger. "Any right-minded woman must have a natural loathing of him."

"He is not a violent, narrow-minded tyrant," retorted the young lady.

"Phyllis!" Roger burst out, tearing the pretty name into shreds with his passion. Then commanding himself, he asked: "Where is your father?"

"In the library with Sir Felix."

"Come with me," he ordered her; "come, I say," and without flinching, she proceeded him.

The library door stood ajar, and Roger pushed it open with a careful restraint. He was pale but perfectly self-possessed, and politely addressed Catherwood:

"Sir, I hear of your matrimonial intentions for your niece, and this—this—gentleman;" hissing out the last word diabolically, as he swept Wythe with a glance. "Allow me to be the first to offer my wishes for the furtherance of your views."

Catherwood, delighted yet puzzled, answered with some embarrassment: "A thousand thanks; but I feared, from a conversation we once had—you entertained some notion of—of— In short, am I to understand you do not desire to—"

"Marry Miss Catherwood, sir?" Roger completed the sentence.

"Ex—exactly," responded the perplexed Colonel.

"I shall never marry Miss Catherwood." Roger delivered his final blow with great precision, repeating: "Never, never!" then walked out of Colonel Catherwood's house.

Wythe turned his eager gaze upon Phyllis, who stood with strange, wide eyes and waxen pale. "Am I to be the happiest man that lives?" he asked, seizing her hand and pressing it to his lips.

She shivered as if waking from a trance, looked at the baronet as if he were some noisome insect, and with one terribly swift imperial action flung him off.

"Please, the dinner company is here," a servant announced, and soon the Christmas merriment began.

#### 17.—FOREVER.

Roger Bolton wore a stern, set countenance, and all through the long afternoon was, apparently, buried in a book.

When Charity brought in the supper, and the two young sisters were helping her in the lighter service, he heard the chattering maid say, in an excited whisper:

"Oh, there be great doings at Colonel Catherwood's—a fine dinner to keep their Christmas Day, and neighbors, and officers from His Majesty's ship, and fiddlers and fifers in the drawing-room."

"But fiddlers and fifers are sinful," remarked one of the sisters, by way of propriety, then throwing out a bait to catch more gossip, added: "When there's fiddling there's oftentimes dancing."

"Yes, miss, there be dancing, of course; and young Mistress Phyllis footing it with all the gentlemen. Folks be peepin' in at the windows."

"Oh, did you see them?" asked the girls, almost together, and holling over with curiosity.

"No, miss; there's a man called Thomas, a very common fellow (I speak to him only out o' pity for his bein' a stranger); and he be Sir Felix Wythe's servant. I was, by chance, just bastenin' the kitchen shutters, and, in pussin' by, he has the impudence to tell me all about it."

Roger's hand clutched the book he was holding, until the binding cracked again. Mistress Bolton went straight to him, and with her gentle touch on his shoulder, asked:

"Roger, is that reckless—is Miss Catherwood to be my daughter?"

"Never, mother, never." She tried to embrace him. She tried to say something of pity or comfort for him, and reprehension of the girl; but he would brook no further words, and hugged his stern and solitary suffering.

As old Recompense came in, the mother spoke to him in an undertone:

"Roger is right-minded; he is our own, good son. We shall be cursed with no heartless, godless woman at our fireside."

Recompense had come from a fruitless conference, at which the Old South had been proved powerless, before the affront it had suffered; and he angrily threw himself into a chair, vociferating:

"I wish there were some law to punish the impudent, wicked jade."

"Stop, father," said Roger, "Phyllis Catherwood, as far as your family is concerned, exists no more. Give her name the decent respect due the unwortheft dead;—if you cannot honor it, forget it."

Elder Bolton was silent before his son, to whom a great passion and a great grief had lent a new dignity.

"For myself," Roger went on, "you have often asked me to take charge of your business in England. I wish to do so. I have taken passage on the ship that sails to-morrow morning. By sunrise, I shall be aboard. It is better so, mother," and he gently put his arm about the poor little woman, who had fallen promptly to weeping.

The lights were nearly all out in the Catherwood house; the musicians had gone; the guests had gone—

all but Sir Felix Wythe who, with his host, still dallied over some crusty old port, in the dining-room.

Thomas presented himself, lantern in hand, and his master's cloak over his arm.

"Send your rascal to the kitchen, Wythe," cried Catherwood, hospitably. "Let the servants give a jolly wind up to old Christmas."

Thomas, who had already been doing his duty for the festive season, responded for his master.

"Thank you, my lad, I do feel a bit dry," and astonishing over his own feet, disappeared into the back of the house, where unlimited eating and drinking were going on bravely.

"Come, there's no hurry," said the Colonel, "let me draw that cork."

The men's voices, telling old army jokes and roaring over court scandals, came up through the house more loudly than usual. Phyllis, far up-stairs, opened the door of her bedroom to listen. Phyllis? Why, one could hardly know this pale girl with disheveled dark hair, and eyes, and quivering mouth for the impatient lady in farthingale and powder. She had thrown on a soft white woollen gown, and she stepped into the hallway and listened to the carousing. With a gesture of despair she turned back and walked the room, sobbing, and clasping and unclasping her bands. She went to a window, looked far down into the gusty street, where the dry snow was beginning to whirl in a rising wind; she laid her face against the icy glass and wet it with her tears. She rummed away again aimlessly, then standing still, moaned and threw her arms up across her face. At last, as if moved by some uncontrollable impulse, she went swiftly out of the room, sped down the two pairs of stairs and appeared at the dining-room door. But the two roustabouts had opened the bottle, and, even without his aid, neither of them was in a condition to befriend or comfort a desolate and broken-hearted orphan girl.

Phyllis turned back to the stairs and toiled up a little way, clinging to the banisters and looking back desolately at the open door below. And so, in her white dress and with her whiter face, all tear-stained and framed by the dark, loose hair; so, looking over her shoulder and drawing short, sobbing breaths, poor, undisciplined Phyllis climbed up the two long flights. She reached her room, shut the door, threw herself across the bed, and, tired out with excitement and misery, at last fell asleep.

At three in the morning all in the Colonel's house seemed to be at rest, for Roger Bolton, going to visit for the last time the scene of his keenest joy and suffering, heard no sound, and all up and down the rows of front windows there was no glimmer of light. He was keeping a bitter vigil these last hours in his native land; senseless movement seemed to be the best comfort for his heartache, and so he walked and walked in the gusty night. When the friendly, moral old watchman came along with the advice, "Come, Mr. Bolton, young men ought to keep decent hours," he only trudged on, up hill and down, through courts and alleys and lanes, not caring where. In a distant part of the town another watchman scouted him; then with impatience he made toward home.

At a corner from which, in daylight, he could look down a long street and see the house where Phyllis lived, he passed again. It was for a farewell—a long, bitter farewell. He was leaving his youth behind him in yonder old house; worse—he was leaving his faith in goodness, his glorious belief in the omnipotence of

love. That was a cruel moment. Down the dark vista his fearless, burning eyes tried to trace the familiar outlines, and strange to say, he traced them easily. There was surely a little light in the place now. With no defined thought, but on an instinct, he walked a few rods nearer. The light grew plainer. He went on toward it belsily. It was very bright. Roger began to run. He could see a long, brilliant stream pouring from each little hole in the top of the drawing-room shutters, and a flame color shone through the fan-light over the great door. He had reached the spot. Great heaven! the front rooms and hall were a mass of lurid blaze.

With a wild cry, he sprang at the door. "Fire! fire!" he shouted, and beat and kicked on the heavy panels. "Fire!" and he sprang for the stout shutters and vainly tore at them with his naked hands. His voice woke the neighborhood; women screamed, sashes were thrown up, and people rushed out from the house that stood next. Looking out on that house was Phyllis's room; he remembered that, and he threw up handfuls of ice and gravel at her window-panes. But the dark squares of glass showed no signs of life within. The place might have been a tomb. Yet the red light burned redder and fiercer, and was creeping up the stairway.

Roger rushed to the back of the house. A crowd of scared and stupid servants had opened a back entrance, and, half dazed, were tumbling out. Thomas, quite hopelessly drunk, laughed and remarked: "It's a fine, cold night, sir."

"Shut that door," shouted Roger, and demanded, in the same breath, seizing the fellow by the arm: "Where's Miss Phyllis?"

"A-bed," answered Thomas, vacantly. "Is time for honest folks to be a-bed."

Roger sprang into the kitchen, securely closed the door behind him to hinder a draught through the passages, and rushed to the dining-room. Colonel Catherwood lay sound asleep on two chairs, and Wythe's head reposed on the table close to an empty bottle.

In an instant he had thrown them both to their feet. "Listen!" he screamed in Catherwood's dull ear. "I'm going upstairs for Phyllis. Guard every opening below here. I can bring her down the back stairway; but if there's a current of air, she is lost. Remember," and he twisted his hand in the collar of Wythe's coat savagely; "go to the kitchen, and keep everything shut close."

A minute more and he had cleared the two flights of stairs with a dozen bounds, and burst into Phyllis's room. He dragged the half-dainting girl, muffled in her woollen gown, out into the entry and to the top of the back stairway by which he had just come; but he staggered back as a heavy volume of smoke came pouring in their faces. He desperately descended a step or two. The light of fire could be seen below. "Drunk wretches!" he cried; "they've saved themselves and forgotten to shut the doors. The whole floor is in a blaze," and he rushed Phyllis back, past the other burning staircase and into the room again. There they stood imprisoned by fire.

Roger darted to a front window and shouted madly for a ladder. Catherwood and Wythe ran about, with wild gestures, in frantic eagerness to help, but quite irrational and useless. Neighbors brought axes, poles, pails of water—everything but what was needed.

"Courage! I'll save you, yet," Roger answered, as Phyllis, with a scream, pointed to the flames creeping through the cracks of the closed door. He began tear-

ing the bed-clothing in strips. The smoke was stifling and blinding. "There's no time for that," said Phyllis, half suffocated and nearly falling. Roger bore her to the air of a window, and the fire caught the coverlet that he had just thrown down.

"My love! my love!" he cried, in despairing agony.

A savage jet of flame showed the girl's young face lifted in a rapture: "You are strong, dear Roger," she said; "climb down to the window ledge below, and then risk a leap. Leave me. I die happy, for you love me, and forgive me."

"Leave you? I had lost you, and now I have found you—found you forever, my love, forever!" and they stood for one ineffable moment looking into eternity together.

The flames quickly chased them to their last refuge—the embrasure of the side window. Roger looked out, and a wild hope—a desperate purpose—leaped into his mind. The next house was a good dozen feet distant; and opposite, yet somewhat lower than where they stood, was a dormer-window; the leads projected a few inches beyond the sill, and there was an upper square from which the glass was broken out. He threw off some of his heavy clothing; and taking her hands, said to Phyllis, tenderly and gaily: "You told me once that you would cross any terror, any danger to come to my arms. Prove it. I shall leap to that window opposite, and you—you will follow me."

"No," she cried in terror, "no; but save yourself." "You will follow me," he repeated, "for, if you do not," there was a dreadful solemnity in his steady tones—"if you do not, I swear to you that I shall fling myself to the ground from yonder roof."

There was not an instant to spare; he crashed out the window frame, and gave her some hurried yet clear directions. She clung to him and begged an embrace.

"I shall kiss you again in a moment," he said with inspired certainty. "Leap straight to my arms."

Phyllis closed her eyes. A second later she opened them to see horrible flames reaching out at her very dress, and Roger secure on the leads opposite—one arm passed within the dormer-window, the other stretched to receive her.

She made ready to spring, then shrank back from the abyss between with a gesture of horror. A voice, assured, and loving, and silvery clear, called: "Phyllis!" She struggled to the window again, and stood, perturbed, on the sill. Roger fixed his eyes straight upon her, as if they were both in the quiet of the old drawing-room, and said, with gentle command: "Come to me, Phyllis." She looked in his face, swayed a moment; then, with one wild shriek, launched herself into the air.

The fire burst savagely from the spot she had left; a great sheet rose from the crowd below, and Phyllis was safe—unconscious quite, but safe in her lover's strong arms.

Roger built himself a home on the ruins of the old mansion, and Phyllis was its light and comfort. On his hearth, sturdy children clustered about the knee of a merry old great-uncle, who always limited himself to just one glass after dinner. Often, by the firelight, chubby fingers would trace out the word "Noël," cut in florid letters down the jamb. And if ever pride or petulance troubled the household calm, a glance at the spruce branch, carved deep in the oaken chimney-piece, awoke such tender and such stirring memories that contention was hushed before them.

## MIGMA.

"I know an editor who says that he is opposed to the nomination of President Arthur, but dare not so declare himself lest all the postmasters of the country should use their influence against his journal and prevent his subscribers from renewing and new ones from coming to him."

A prominent Republican made this statement to the writer a few days since. Perhaps he saw incredulity in our look, for he added, after a moment: "I heard him make this declaration myself."

We kept silence for a moment; then we tried whistling as a means of relief; then we took a turn up and down the room, to divert our thought. It was impossible, and finally we broke forth with the words:

"Well, that man is both a coward and an ass! No man can array the postal service of the United States against a journal and no man dare attempt to do it. A great furor was made a few months ago because a journal in which an officer of the government had an interest sought to extend its circulation by interesting postmasters through their Congressmen. It was no doubt a harmless scheme, but it raised such a row that not one postmaster in a hundred dared to admit that he had ever seen a copy of the paper. Our postal service is not a mere series of puppets ranged upon a wire, who jerk and wriggle whenever a current is sent through them from the pigeon-holed battery at Washington. As a rule, they are good men, and free men, too. They will average very well with any class in our communities, and can no more be made the tools of ambition, malice or revenge than the ministers and lawyers. But if that were the case, it was the duty—the honest, patriotic duty—of that man to defy any such exercise of arbitrary power or underhand oppression. If he believed what he said, he declared himself a coward for not defying such power. If he did not mean it, he is a contemptible sneak for attempting to weaken respect for the government, its officers and employes!"

We felt better after having said it, and have no essential retraction to make now. It has occurred to us since then, however, that it might be that one reasonable hypothesis was omitted from our sentiment. There are some men—and the editor to whom our friend alluded may be one of them—who think that the universe has been created only with reference to their relations to it. Such a man might well conceive that the great engineering of our government was controlled and worked by a tireless and malign Machiavelli solely for his injury or destruction. There are some men to whose lives hate becomes such an essential and monstrous ingredient that they cannot imagine that any one should regard them unfavorably without allowing them to fill the whole range of their horizon and being torn with ceaseless convulsions of rage because of the mere fuel of their existence. Such men imagine themselves the very focus of the world's malignity. They think their own blind, bitter, self-magnifying spirit is the true measure of themselves in the world's eye. Such a man thinks himself and his own enterprise the most important factor in the universe. He may not be a man of remarkable self-conceit, but he is so intent on his own one idea—his pet enterprise—his egotistical hobby—that he thinks all mankind are thinking of it, too. It is impossible that any man of a healthy state of mind should have thought that any department of our service could be made subservient to such a scheme. We do not know whether the Pres-

ident expects or desires a renomination or not, and we are not greatly concerned as to whether the officers of any branch or of all branches of the service are interested in compassing that end.

If the Republican nomination were an election there is no doubt that Mr. Blaine could compass it easier than any man alive. There are more manipulators and shouters and "boomers" in his train than any man has ever had in our country since Jackson's day. Just there, however, comes the rub. After the nomination comes the campaign and the election. The grass-fed delegate from the "country district" always has this in his eye. The whiskey-blinded beeler may forget that the convention is not the end of controversy, but the man from the mountains and the valleys will not. Minorities have been learning their power of late, and the factional fight in the Republican party has taught the science of assassination by practical demonstration. Every man who has coolness enough to look over the field knows that all the nominations that could be stacked upon the national domain could not secure Mr. Blaine's election. Neither the tax on whiskey nor the whiskey itself would be enough to save him from defeat. The policy which animated the "Liberal" Republicans in 1882, would be sure to be put in practice by the other wing of the party, in case of his nomination. The same is true, in a less degree, of President Arthur—not because of absolute hostility, except in his own State, but because the death of Garfield put a restless pall upon the hope of present success on the part of his successor. In New York he has enemies who would delight to stab his aspirations. In the rest of the country he lacks that active friendship and sense of devotion to his interest which is necessary to a personal following and a successful campaign. Unless upheld by a comfortable sense of bread and butter to be thereafter supplied, there are not many, in any of the doubtful States, who have that feeling of devotion to the President that is absolutely necessary to secure the success of the Republican party. Without this a nomination is of no avail, and this can neither be bought ready-made nor manufactured on short notice. President Arthur's only chance is to do something brilliant and striking that shall fix the eye of the country favorably upon him before the meeting of the convention. Such vague and general ideas as his message contains might do well enough under some circumstances, but President Arthur has already enough of negotiations. It is something positive and shining bright that he needs now.

ART-LOVERS visiting the city at this season should not fail to make Madison Square an objective point, since many of the chief attractions are within easy reach. Exhibitions of one kind or another are always open to the public in the immediate vicinity. Of the personal exhibitions Knedler's galleries are among the most noted, and here is at present one of Bouguereau's last masterpieces—a noble painting of a majestic woman ministering to an altogether charming group of children. Few artists have ever painted such absolutely cherubic mortals as are Bouguereau's children. They are evidently all of them just out of a bath, and no trace of earthliness is upon their fair, rounded limbs. But the picture is altogether allegorical, and as such has a right to be supernaturally perfect.



To formulate a comprehensive philosophy of literature, giving it as far as possible, scientific foundation seems to have been the hope and plan of the lamented Sidney Lanier, one of the most lovable as well as keenest of critics, whose loss to American literature is an almost irreparable one. An ardent student, he kept to the end all his enthusiasms, chief among which was his reverence for women, strong and unflinching as if he had been a knight of the Middle Ages rather than a sharer of the nineteenth century practicality and indifference. The first work in which one phase of his intention took form gave no opportunity for the revelations of more than the power of ingenious speculation which distinguished him, and which often gave as its result truths or suggestions of truths that seem likely to become part of the popular belief. "The Science of Verse" is hardly likely to become a popular book, yet poet and lay reader alike will find a thousand hints that throw light on the work of the past, while they go far toward confirming the theory laid down. Those who doubt if verse has as strictly mathematical laws as music, and who may assert, as did one of his friends after reading the book, that he "preferred to still write verse by instinct," will find less to combat in the volume which contains his views of the English novel.<sup>1</sup> Here he undertakes to prove that the development of the novel is coincident with the development of individual personality which owes its recognition to the spirit of Christianity, and was an unknown factor in the days of early imaginative work. He analyses the Prometheus of Æschylus to prove this point, passing from that to the contrasts in modern prose and poetry. Two women, among those whom he loves to call "The Victorian Women," move him to always fresh admiration, Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot, and he quotes profusely from Aurora Leigh in illustration of this theory of developed sense of personality. Naturally, with his profound faith in all women, but most deeply in American women, he comes into conflict with Walt Whitman, against whose uncompromising frankness his whole soul is in revolt. It is unfortunate that in the midst of the belaboring which the "good, gray poet" receives, and which he undoubtedly at points deserves, that the whole of Lanier's opinion could not have been given. Mrs. Lanier having lately taken occasion to state that it seemed best to herself and the editor of her husband's papers to omit the final passage, in which fullest justice was done to Whitman's capacity for noble verse. He makes special mention of the poem on the death of Lincoln, as one of two others so powerful and true that they bear the seed of their own immortality within them.

Lanier is right, however, in his protest against the Whitman school, though one must question his correctness in the statement at the close of Lecture II. "The truth is, that, if closely examined, Whitman, instead of being a true democrat, is simply the most inconvertible

of aristocrats, masquerading in a peasant's costume; and his poetry, instead of being the natural outcome of a fresh young democracy, is a product which would be impossible except in a highly civilized society."

This is preposterous, as any unprejudiced reader of Whitman is prepared to hold, an exaggeration of which Lanier was sometimes guilty, in his rush toward the point which must be made at all hazards. But this is a slight defect, when one considers what purity of soul and thought, and what cultured intelligence were at the service of the students for whom these lectures were written, and what ideal he held before the minds of the young men who can hardly find such stimulus to noble life in the words of any successor.

It is not, however, his full opinion that is given, a recent letter from Mrs. Lanier to the *Nation* showing that he had wished to modify his verdict by a passage which was excluded, and which is given here, in justice to both poet and author:

"But let me first carefully disclaim and condemn all that flippant and sneering tone which dominates so many discussions of Whitman. While I differ from him utterly as to every principle of artistic procedure; while he seems to me the most stupendously mistaken man in all history as to what constitutes true democracy and the true advance of art and man; while I am immeasurably shocked at the sweeping invasions of those reserves which depend on the very personality I have so much insisted upon, and which the whole consensus of the ages has considered more and more sacred with every year of growth in delicacy; yet, after all these prodigious allowances, I owe some keen delights to a certain combination of bigness and naivete which make some of Whitman's passages so strong and taking; and, indeed, on the one occasion when he has abandoned his theory of formlessness and written in form, he has made 'My Captain, O my Captain,' surely one of the most tender and beautiful poems in any language."

That there would have been revision and, probably, condensation, had the author lived, is certain, and in the meantime the two books, with all their discursiveness, are a notable and brilliant addition to American literature.

Mr. Cross has at last completed the biography of his wife, George Eliot, and it is now passing through a final revision.

A "HIEROGLYPHIC DICTIONARY," by Dr. Birch, is in press, and may soon be numbered among modern conveniences.

HENRY HOLY & Co. have reserved most of their publications until after the holiday season closes. "The Paganus" is the title of the new novel by Mr. Arlo Bates, of the Boston Courier, which they will soon bring out.

THE "Broad Winners" has been calmly pirated by the Halifax Herald, to the great enjoyment of its readers. Why not? Seizes us right, is the only verdict, and the oftener the better till international copyright is forced upon us.

FLAUNKEITING has reached high water-mark, and passes before the new magazine named *Lords*, all the articles in which are "written by members of the upper classes, while it is edited by a literary man who sits in the House of Peers."

"The young Scillonian" made known to us in Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," Mr. Luigi Monti, is coming to New York to give a course of lectures as well as lessons in his native language. He has been for twelve years American Consul at Palermo.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & Co. add to "History of Art in Ancient Egypt," a fine translation of the "History of

(1) THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSE. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo, pp. 316, P. L. C. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

(2) THE ENGLISH NOVEL AND THE PRINCIPLES OF ITS DEVELOPMENT. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo, pp. 235, P. L. C. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



Art in Chaldaea, Assyria and Phœnicia," by Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez, the two handsome volumes being very finely illustrated.

THE author of "The Earthly Paradise" has dropped art for the time being, and taken up Communism. In some recent talks to workmen in England, he seems to have sought to harmonize theory and costume, one feature of which is said to have been, "a collarless calico shirt."

THIS census returns would hardly be regarded as affording much material for the novelist, but Mr. Cable has utilized them in their bearing upon the exiled Acadians in Louisiana, and will publish in the *Century* a series of sketches drawn from them and entitled "Acadian Pastors."

MRS. RUSKIN waxes more and more pragmatical as years go on, and shrieks for silence with an energy and determination quite equal to Carlyle's. His latest outburst is upon "The Beatitude of Anti-Christ—Blessed be ye Rich," and in spite of many scents, there is much truth in his denunciation.

THE somewhat crude coloring of Mr. H. W. McVickar's illustrations to "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, will not hinder the enjoyment of the children for whom it is destined, the story being one that unites fun and patriotism, and will make the battle better remembered than more elaborate accounts. (4to, pp. 32, \$2.00; Dodd, Mead & Co.)

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, although a grandmother, still retains her early love for the German language, her daughter writing of her in a forthcoming biography: "A well-worn volume of Kant lies upon her writing-table, and is taken up by her for half an hour every day. In the twilight, when her grandchildren gather about her at the piano and beg for a song, it is often one of the German student songs, learned years ago from her brother, that she sings for them."

THE later poems of Mr. Whittier, few in number and infrequently given, have found no diminution of readers, the same qualities that endeared him to the passing generation, making him even more beloved of the present one. "The Bay of Seven Islands and other Poems," lately issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., contains all his recent work, and has also an excellent portrait, the daintily made little volume being an admirable holiday gift. (16mo, pp. 85, \$1.00.)

"A WEEK SPENT IN A GLASS POND" is the curious title of one of the most attractive of R. Worthington's holiday books. It purports to be the work of "The Great Water Beetle"; but Julia Horatia Ewing, author of "Six to Sixteen," has seemingly bowed as his amanuensis, and R. André has furnished the numerous and brilliant colored illustrations. The author's—that is to say the Water Beetle's—views of life—are sufficiently entertaining of themselves to afford a fund of semi-instructive amusement to a whole household of old as well as young people.

WITH every fresh facility for work in the Boston Public Library, which is constantly enriched by gifts and bequests, New York has more and more reason for shame and confusion of face. The Lenox Library is practically inaccessible; the Astor useless save to persons of ample leisure, and the New Yorker who wants comfortable opportunity for evening work among books must go to Brooklyn, which makes no boast of one of the best-appointed and certainly best-catalogued libraries in the country.

THE beautiful little Parchment Library needs no recommendation to the reader, the selections having all been made with taste and most excellent judgment. "The Sonnets of John Milton," edited by Mark Pattison, opens with an elaborate essay on the sonnet, less graceful, but

hardly less valuable than the well-known one of Leigh Hunt's; and the twenty-four sonnets which follow, are edited with the same painstaking accuracy which distinguishes the essay. The cover will always be an objection to careless readers, finger marks being almost inevitable; but, for a lady's collection, the pretty volumes have no rival. 18mo., pp. 227, \$1.35; D. Appleton & Co., New York.

IN spite of some exceedingly conventional work, which reminds one of old annuals, there is great merit in the engravings which have been made from the oil paintings of Ernest Longfellow, in illustration of twenty of his father's most popular poems. The thin quarto, entitled, "Twenty Poems From Longfellow," is one of the most beautiful among the gift-books of the season; but the frontispiece portrait, fine as it is, fails to give the poet's best expression. The sea's power as an artist is best seen in his marine views and landscapes, the marine views especially being full of grace and charm. 4to. pp. 61, \$4.00; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

IT is to be hoped that Mr. Howells's little daughter is as simple and unconscious a child as he would have us believe, else the pretty oblong book, "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters," in which her ten-year-old conceptions of art and the old masters are enshrined, will be a phase in her education which friends could only regret. The drawings were made during the stay in Europe, chiefly in Italy, without aid or suggestion from any one; are always amusing and often show real talent in grouping. A running commentary from Mr. Howells accompanies them, witty and with the frankest fatherly pride, but the reason for work, even with all its originality, seems somewhat questionable. Oblong, 16mo, 53 plates; \$2.00; J. R. Osgood & Co.

THOSE who take up "Italian Byways," by John Addington Symonds, with the expectation of finding the same charm that distinguishes the superb works in his "Renaissance in Italy" will be exceedingly disappointed. That the same power of interpretation and analysis, the same refined and delicate taste are there, make it all the more surprising that the book should be that most unpardonable fault in any book—dull. Yet dull it is, and for the reason that the author has chosen to ignore his own personality altogether, and given us a book of travels with the traveler left out. Not one gleam of enthusiasm, not one touch of every-day human nature is to be found in the depressing pages. The descriptions are often fine—so fine that one wonders why it is impossible to be interested, but the fact remains. The book will have its value, for the reference-shelf, but it can by no possibility become popular. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 318, \$1.75; Henry Holt & Co.

UNREMARKED as is the little volume which contains the record of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's few weeks in Spain, "Seven Spanish Cities" holds more real information as to the actual status and spirit of the people than dozens of more formal records. Keen eyes saw every weak spot; but that half-humorous, wholly gentle charity which is part of Mr. Hale's nature explained and apologized for them at every turn. How it is that the discourtesy and surliness encountered by the average traveler in Spain never once displayed themselves, and that he found himself at home in every spot, is one of the secrets the clue to which is probably to be found in "Ten Times One is Ten." The book is very charming reading, good for old and young alike, and abounds in quotable bits for which the press of Christmas books unfortunately leaves no room. (16mo, pp. 329; \$1.25; Roberts Bros., Boston.)

THE Rev. John W. Chadwick is well known as the author of much pleasing and quiet verse, filled with home affections, and if sometimes commonplace and uneven in

execution, always tender and often musical. In the little volume, "In Nazareth Town," these characteristics are all to be found—the little poem, a Christmas hymn, giving Galilee as the birth-place of Jesus instead of Judea. There is much graceful verse, blossoming here and there into true poetry, as in the lines under the title of "Dedication." (Climax, pp. 111; \$1.00; Roberts Bros., Boston.)

"My darling boy, kissed but a moment since,  
And laid away all rosy in the dark,  
Is talking to himself. What does he say?  
Not much, in truth, that I can understand;  
But now and then, among the pretty sounds  
That he is making, falls upon my ear  
My name. And then the sand-man softly comes  
Upon him and he sleeps.

And what am I,  
Here in my book, but as a little child  
Trying to cheer the big and silent dark  
With foolish words! But listen, O my God!  
My Father, and among them who shall hear  
Thy name—And soon I too shall sleep.  
When I awake I shall be still with thee."

## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

October 24.—Eight white ruffians were convicted in Atlanta, Ga., for having terrified and abused negroes during the political campaign of last year.

[See "A Fool's Kismet," "The Invisible Empire," etc., by A. Y. Temple; "Baptism of Keltia at the South," by E. L. Godkin; Vol. XII, pp. 196 and 212.]

Oct. 28.—The Rev. Charles Loryson, better known as Père Hyacinthe, landed in this city. His purpose is to raise funds to carry on his reformatory work in France.

[See Appleton's Journal, Vol. II, p. 304; Temple Rev., Vol. XXVI, p. 349; New Englander, Vol. XXVIII, p. 27; Catholic World, Vol. V, p. 237; "Spirits, Addresses," etc., Parsons's; "Catholic Reform," Miscellaneous.]

Styma was visited by another severe earthquake shock.

Oct. 29.—Commodore John Lee Davis, U. S. N., was placed in command of the Atlantic Squadron vice Rear Admiral Crozier, who was placed on the retired list at his own request, after forty years' service.—Gustavus W. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the war, died in Lowell, Mass., aged 69 years.

Oct. 30.—The British steamer *Holyhead* and the German ship *Albatross* came in collision, and both sank in a few minutes. The boats of the *Holyhead* saved nearly all on board, and half those on the *Albatross*. About 80 lives were lost.

[See Annual Report of Supervising Inspector General of Steamboats, details of loss of life on steamboats in United States waters. Only 1 in 3,590, 696.]

More than forty persons were injured by an apparently maliciously designed explosion in a tunnel of the Metropolitan underground railway of London. The explosion is ascribed to "dynamite fiends."

Oct. 31.—The Public Debt of the United States was reduced \$10,304,798.88 during the month.—Fire originating in a cotton warehouse, destroyed property to the value of \$1,500,000, in Savannah, Ga. Several lives were also lost.—A long pending libel suit was brought by George L. Fownders, a dealer in "antiques," against Louis P. De Censola, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Museum. The defendant is charged with having fraudulently "restored" ancient statues alleged by him to have been found in Cyprus. The trial is before Judge Shipman, in the U. S. Circuit Court of this city, and bids fair to be a long one.

[See Harper's Monthly, Vol. XXXV, p. 155; and Vol. LV, p. 233; Lasker's "History of Art," Cassell's "History of Cyprus,"

Nov. 1.—At noon the command of the United States Army was transferred by General Sherman, who retires, in accordance with the law, to Lieut.-General P. H. Sheridan, next in rank. There was no ceremony, save that all staff officers were present in full uniform.

[See "Sherman's Memoirs," by Miss E. "Historical Road," by H. V. Boynton.]

A procession of Irish nationalists was fired upon by Orangemen in Londonderry. Two days later a procession of women was stoned in the same city.

Nov. 2.—Chas. A. Melge, Chief National Bank Examiner, died at 83, aged 68 years.—On this and the two succeeding days an Egyptian army some 10,000 strong, under command of Hakis Pasha and other European officers, was practically annihilated by the armies of the False Prophet. The battle occurred near El Oued, in the Egyptian Soudan. The news reached Cairo on the 22nd inst.

[See present number CONTINENT; also "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," F. L. Jones, N. Y., Dodd & Mead.]

Nov. 3.—A tornado destroyed portions of Springfield and Brookline, Mo. The path of the storm was only a few yards wide, but nothing could stand before it.

Nov. 6.—Elections were held in ten states, but the official figures are not attainable at the date of closing this page.

Nov. 7.—Sixty-three miners perished in a colliery explosion at Ayrington, England, and nearly as many more were injured.—Theodore F. Randolph, formerly Governor of New Jersey and United States Senator, died at Morristown, N. J., aged 67 years.

Nov. 10.—Admiral J. B. Creighton, U. S. N., died at Morristown, N. J.

Nov. 13.—A party of the new Capitol building at Madison, Wis., fell, burying thirty workmen, of whom four were killed. Cause supposed to be too rapid work.

Nov. 16.—The Southern Exhibition at Louisville, Ky., closed. Eight hundred thousand persons visited it during the three and a half months preceding.—The 405th anniversary of Luther's birth was celebrated all over the civilized world. Near a dozen statues of the great reformer were unveiled in Germany.

[See "Luther's Life of Luther," Also a life by T. Sturz and D. Augustin's "Luther of the Reformation," Second of Luther's works are published by the American Tract Society.]

Nov. 22.—Judge E. Davis Smith, for twenty-one years a Justice of the New York Supreme Court, died at Rochester, aged 77 years.—During this and the two succeeding days a very violent storm prevailed on the lakes and in Northern New England. Nearly a score of vessels and a hundred lives were lost.

Nov. 25.—Fire destroyed 150 buildings at Shennandoah, Pa. Loss, \$500,000.

Nov. 26.—Dr. J. Marion Sims, of this city, died suddenly of heart disease. He was seventy years old. He was the author of important medical works.

Nov. 28.—The new standard time took effect at noon, and was almost universally adopted.

[North American, Vol. CXXVI, p. 235; Popular Science Monthly, Vol. XI, p. 174; Scientific Encyclopedia, Vol. XXV, p. 294.]

Nov. 29.—Sir Charles William Sturt, the famous English scientist, died in London, aged 63 years.

[A work "On the Concentration of Solar Energy" is among his latest books. Macmillan's.]

Nov. 30.—The President pardoned Sergeant Mason, who was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for attempting to shoot Garfield.

Nov. 30.—The one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British. Heavy rain prevailed all day, but the occasion was suitably celebrated in the presence of vast crowds. [Loomis's "Field Book of the Revolution," American Magazine of History, November and December; Mrs. Loomis's "History of New York,"

Scourmer Truth died at Battle Creek, Mich., aged 108.

[See narrative of her life—autobiographical.]

Dec. 1.—Patrick O'Donnell was convicted in London of the murder of James Carey, the Irish "informant." He was sentenced to death.

Dec. 3.—The Forty-Eighth Congress met, but adjourned without performing organization.—The steamship *Alaska* ran down at night and sank the New York Pilot boat *Columbia*. All hands were lost, and the name of the lost boat was not known until several days afterward.

Dec. 4.—The fifteenth anniversary of the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated in Philadelphia. [See *Life of Anti-Slavery Standard*.]

The Hon. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives.

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December, 1881.

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